A LADIES' HAT PIN or A TRICK MATCH SAFE **FREE WITH "WANT ADS"** IN TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

THE WEATHER.
For Boston and vicinity: Partly cloudy to cloudy, probably without rain, tonight and Sunday. Light easterly to southerly winds.
High water 12.36 a. m. and 12.55 p. m.

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER

NIGHT EDITION

VOL. 2—No. 177. 8 PAGES BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16 1905.

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8 PAGES PRICE ONE CENT

CITY PREPARES FOR LAST HONORS TO DEAD MAYOR

BODY HERE

Arrived Early To-day Attended by Paul Collins and Was Taken at Once to the Collins Home—Casket Borne From Car by Policemen, While Crowd Stood With Bared Heads.

Following the arrival of the body of Former Mayor Patrick A. Collins in this city to-day from Hot Springs, Va., where his sudden death shocked the nation and turned Boston into a sabled city of mourning, preparations were completed for the funeral, which will take place on Monday.

The services, which will take place at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, will be of a highly impressive character, and it is believed that the expressions of the people will find vent in one of the most imposing funerals that this city ever saw.

The body bearers and the ushers who will officiate at the church were selected to-day. The former constitute the heads of the various city departments and the latter men who are prominent in city affairs and who were personal friends of the late head of the city.

PALLBEARERS CHOSEN.

The men chosen to carry the body of the dead Mayor are John B. Martin, Penal Commissioner; Patrick J. Kennedy, Wire Commissioner; George L. Crocker, City Treasurer; Edward A. Macdonald, City Collector; J. Albert Mitchell, City Auditor; James Mulvahy, Building Commissioner; Benjamin W. Wells, Fire Commissioner, and John M. Minton, Election Commissioner.

The funeral arrangements in the church will be in the hands of Lawrence B. Furling, chief usher. He will be assisted by Patrick H. Fahey, Thomas J. O'Daly, John T. Wogan, Dennis J. Mahoney, Thomas P. Brophy, Henry M. Blackwell, William E. Cunningham, John B. Borgan, Thomas Watson, Daniel F. Ryan and William J. Donegan.

The executive and administrative officers of the street department at a meeting held to-day passed resolutions upon the death of the former Mayor, decided to send a floral emblem and attend the funeral in a body. The members of the Board of Aldermen and the City Council also arranged to attend the funeral in a body.

The body of the dead Mayor reached his late home on Corey road, Brighton, at 11.45 o'clock. It was received by the members of the family and Judge John H. Burke, a relative.

Attended only by his son Paul, whose great grief to bear the end came when he was met at the bedside, and by John J. Collins, a relative by marriage, the body arrived at the South Station at 7.18 o'clock on the Federal express.

Many had gathered at the station to pay their tribute of respect. Hundreds were crowded about the entrance to the Unlimited. Held back by lines of police they waited with quiet respect while the baggage removed the long oak box from the baggage car.

As the train rolled into the station **six** of the brawny street squad from the Lagrange Street Station took up their po-

Continued on 2d Page 1st Column.

Tried to Hide Facts in Rich Woman's End?
DEATH PUZZLE GROWS

WHAT STRANGE MYSTERY OF DEATH LIES HERE?

Mrs. Ehoen Phillips, widow of the multi-millionaire, left a fortune estimated at several millions in trust for her children, Leonard H., David K., Charles E., Mrs. Horace Chase and Miss Gay H. Phillips. Under her will these were to receive the income, the principal remaining intact, and reverting to the other brothers and sisters in the event of death, without issue, of either of the beneficiaries. This prevented the fortune from going out of the Phillips family, either to surviving wife or husband.

1 April 6, 1905.—David K. Phillips, millionaire, president of Marblehead National Grand Bank, was drowned off Swampscott under circumstances which indicated murder. He was without children. After the widow's dower and other minor gifts, the residue of estate went to the trust established by his mother. Mrs. Chase was, therefore, indirectly, a beneficiary.

2 Sept. 10, 1905.—Mrs. Horace Chase, wife of a physician, found unconscious and dying of poison and gas inhalation, reported officially as self administered. She had adopted a son of her husband, by a former marriage, and this being legal, the fortune will go to him. He is dying of cirrhosis of the liver, therefore the money will probably go to Dr. Chase in the absence of a will. Absolutely no motive for her suicide appears.

Strange Facts Connected With Supposed Suicide of Mrs. Horace Chase.

Medical Examiner Said to Have Remarked That Things Looked Queer.

Extraordinary revelations as to the methods employed to suppress the actual facts as to the death of Mrs. Horace Chase, a woman worth more than $1,000,000, who died under mysterious circumstances at her palatial home in Swampscott, were made to-day by Chief of Police Samuel Harris of Swampscott. Chief Harris has partly investigated the death, which was due to poison and gas, and reported as suicide.

Chief Harris said to-day that Medical Examiner Pinkham admitted to him that he had advised the undertaker not to embalm Mrs. Chase's body, because he "didn't like the looks of the thing," and there might be inquiries made. If the body were not embalmed being subject to more rapid decomposition there would be no trouble if an investigation should come.

Further, Chief Harris declares that he was never informed of the death by Medical Examiner Pinkham, but by another man, and then he sent for Dr. Pinkham, who advised against an autopsy. It appears, too, from to-day's investigation that Mrs. Chase frequently consulted a clairvoyant.

MANY STRANGE FEATURES.

Chief of Police Samuel Harris of Swampscott said to a reporter for the BOSTON AMERICAN:

"Medical Examiner Pinkham did not notify the police at all of the death by suicide, or whatever cause, of Mrs. Horace Chase. If the death certificate shows suicide as the cause of Mrs. Chase's death it should have been reported to this station. It was not. I learned of it through another source.

"Medical Examiner Pinkham told me, when I learned of the matter and called him for a consultation, that he had told the undertaker not to embalm Mrs. Chase's body. His excuse was that he did not like the looks of the thing; that it might cause an investigation, and it would be better if the body was not embalmed. Of course, if a body is not embalmed the decomposition is very quick.

"At the time Medical Examiner Pinkham told me this he said that he personally was convinced that the case was one of suicide, but that it had so many strange features that he did not come and notify me. I have heard rumors, and I had to send for Mr. Pinkham and then I told him of the ugly things I had heard about the death.

MIGHT REVEAL POISON.

"We had a consultation then and I also consulted with Dr. Chase, the husband, and the brothers of the dead woman. It was then the Medical Examiner advised me, that, inasmuch as such a long time had elapsed, an autopsy would yield no result, or establish anything in particular.

"I am not investigating this matter officially any further, but I am still hearing these interesting things. It all came to my attention from a city official, who told me that he had seen Dr. Chase out in an auto, and that he was laughing and chatting. He told me then about Mrs. Chase's death. It was after that that I telephoned to Medical Examiner Pinkham.

"The brothers of the dead woman have said that they did not care for an autopsy because, while it would possibly reveal poison, it would prove nothing, because Mrs. Chase admittedly died of poison.

According to Medical Examiner Pinkham and Dr. Chase, the husband, the woman committed suicide. A note was found beside her, said to be in her handwriting, in which she said explicitly: "I do this of my own free will. No one else is to blame." Yet there is no clue apparent to a motive which would cause a woman in the best of health, financial and mental conditions to end her own life. The note she left gave no motive.

Now investigation is being made. Her millionaire brothers are not satisfied with the statements of suicide. One of them says so frankly. Dr. Pinkham, who was the family physician of the Chases, as well

Continued on 2d Page, 6th Column.

Honorary Pallbearers for the Collins Funeral

The honorary pallbearers at the funeral of the late Mayor Patrick A. Collins will be:

Hon. William L. Douglas, Governor of the Commonwealth.
Hon. Richard Olney.
Acting Mayor Daniel A. Whelton.
Ex-Mayor Samuel A. Green.
Ex-Mayor Thomas N. Hart.
Ex-Mayor Nathan Matthews.
Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis.
Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy.
Arthur W. Dolan.
Hon. A. J. Daly.
Senator W. Murray Crane.
William E. K. Redmond, M. P.
Hon. James Donovan.
Colonel William A. Gaston.
General Charles H. Taylor.
Major Henry L. Higginson.
W. T. A. Fitzgerald.
Charles R. Stratton.
Hon. John H. Thayer.
Thomas J. Gargan.
John W. Graham.
Lieut. John A. Tobin, U. S. N., retired.
E. H. Bartlett.
Jerome Jones.
A. Sinaman.
D. F. Griffin.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick.
John F. Noonan.
Michael P. Curran.

ANARCHY REIGNS IN CAUCASUS

Czar's Officials Unable to Cope with Terrorists—Must Reconquer Districts.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 16.—Nothing short of the conquest of the Caucasus will restore order in the Czar's domains.

This, according to late reports, is like a city of the dead. It is estimated that twenty people are murdered there every day. The reign of terror that prevails under such circumstances can easily be imagined. The Tartars now threaten to attack both the Russians and Armenians, and this has added a new danger.

The whole Caucasus is reported on good authority in a state of absolute anarchy. Russian authority is utterly unable to cope with terrorism and wholesale massacre of Armenians by the Tartars has resulted at Baku and other places.

In Batoum, despite the presence of a huge garrison, formidable batteries in the centre of the town and the usual machinery of Muscovite bureaucracy and police, the place is entirely dominated by the revolutionary terrorists' committee, although actually now under martial law.

It is feared now that a general massacre of Christian Georgians by the Adjars, or Moslem Georgians, who are massing in the hills to start the "holy war," is about to take place. The Adjars have offered their services to the governor of Batoum to keep the Christian Georgians in order. He has ostensibly declined the proposal, but the Adjars will not on that account lose their chance.

3 BURNED BY GASOLENE FIRE ON SCHOONER

Captain Races Burning Craft to Harbor to Save Life and Vessel.

Special to the Boston American.

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 16.—Captain "Sol" Jacobs and two of his crew on the fishing schooner Vola McGowan were severely burned in the night by a gasolene explosion on board the vessel when she was between Gurnet and Woodend Lights.

For hours the crew fought the flames which caught in the cabin. Captain Jacobs kept the vessel under full sail intending to beach her off Provincetown and call the local fire department. As he neared this port, Captain Jacobs sighted the United States monitor Arkansas, lying in the bay. He signalled her and anchored the McGowan.

Seventy-five men and a hand-fire engine were dispatched to the burning vessel and the flames quenched in a short time. The stern of the vessel and the captain's cabin was considerably damaged. The clothing belonging to Captain Jacobs and of several of the crew was burned in the cabin.

The schooner had been in Boston, where it unloaded a large cargo of mackerel. When docked at Long Wharf the gasolene tank had been filled. Apparently the tank had been filled to the brim, as when our of the bay the waves caused the gasolene to spill over.

When lighting the lanterns last night the fumes of the gasoline ignited, and in a few moments the vessel was afire.

35 IN PERIL AS BOMB EXPLODES

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Thirty-five persons had a narrow escape from death in Williamsburg early to-day when some one, believed to be a member of a "Black Hand" society, threw a bomb into the front doorway of a three-story double-frame house at No. 813 Flushing avenue.

There was a terrific explosion, which partially wrecked the building, and the several families in the house were thrown into a panic and escaped to the street by the fire escapes. Fortunately no one was injured.

The police believe the intention was to kill Casiono P. Liotta, a well-to-do Italian, who has a barber shop and hotel quarters in the building. He told the police that he had received twenty-five threatening letters within a year. The last one he received less than a week ago informed the barber that if he did not place $500 in a certain spot his life would be taken.

CZAR GOES TO FINLAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 16.—The Czar left here this morning for Finland to remain two days.

GRANT'S FARM TO BE A PARK

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 16.—The old Grant farm in St. Louis county, for many years the home of President Ulysses S. Grant, has been bought for $115,000 and will be converted into an amusement park next year.

ORDERS EXCEED $250,000,000

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Giant orders for railroad equipment

Steel rails, 900,000 tons, $25,200,000.

Locomotives, $50,000,000.

Cars, $180,000,000.

Total, $225,200,000.

More than $250,000,000 worth in orders now on the books of the steel rail, locomotive and car manufacturers is the astounding total of new business which prosperity has rolled up in one line of industry—that of railroad equipment.

That the railroad managers of the country are certain of the continuation of prosperity for a long time unlimited credit is made evident by the way in which they have been placing orders with the manufacturers of equipment. In every order of railroad supplies there is a record-breaking rush of orders.

CAVALRY VETS MEET.

CAMDEN, Me., Sept. 16.—The Second Maine Cavalry Association has elected the following officers: President, W. G. Gilbreth, Rockport; vice president, Charles A. Lindsey, Roxbury; Joseph Clukey, Chester, Me.; H. T. Perkins, Haverhill, Mass.; secretary and treasurer, George R. Smith, Augusta, Me.; chaplain, Moses French, Salon, Me.

REV. DR. LORD IS 83.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Leonard, dean of Tufts College Divinity School, who was honored with the degree of LL. D. at the last commencement, celebrated his eighty-third birthday at his home on Packard avenue, College Hill.

3 KILLED, 21 HURT IN WRECK

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 16.—As a result of the engine, drawing a passenger train on the Baltimore & Ohio, running into a switch engine early this morning at Kensington, Ind., three men were killed and twenty-one persons injured.

The passenger train left Chicago last night at 8.30 o'clock and was eastbound.

The dead:

E. P. Snyder, engineer.

Frank Susoi, baggageman.

Walter Wilson, Zanesville, Ohio, found under mail car, supposed to have been stealing a ride.

The injured were taken to Garret, Ind.

TO PUSH MARY ROGERS CASE

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Sept. 16.—It is announced that Attorney-General Pike will file a motion with the United States Supreme Court, asking that the case of Mary M. Rogers be set ahead for a hearing at the earliest convenience of the justices.

Under the constitution of the State further reprieve by the Governor is doubtful, and under the statutes no new sentence of death can be imposed to take effect until after Jan. 1, 1907, and, therefore, if this case is not heard and disposed of before Dec. 8, 1905, there must result long delay in carrying out the penalty.

DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR MRS. CHASE

The death certificate for Mrs. Chase was filed with Town Clerk Milton D. Porter to-day. It reads as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Return of a death.
SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

Full name—Jennie Paul Chase.
Date of death—September 13, 1905.
Age—Forty-seven years, seven months, seventeen days.
Sex—Female.
Color—White.
Husband's name—Dr. Horace Chase.
Name of father—Eben B. Phillips.
Maiden name of mother—Maria L. Stanwood.
Occupation—Housewife.
Place of burial or removal—Swampscott.
Place of death—No. 57 Greenwood avenue.
Residence—No. 57 Greenwood avenue.
Married—Yes.
Maiden name—Phillips.
Birthplace—Swampscott.
Father's place of birth—Swampscott.
Mother's place of birth—Gloucester.
Informant—Husband.
Date of burial—September 19, 1905.
Undertaker—E. A. Mower, Lynn.

The physician's certificate attached to the death certificate reads:

"I hereby certify that I attended deceased during last illness, from September 10, 1905, to September 13, 1905; that, to the best of my knowledge, death occurred on the date stated above, and that the cause of death was as follows:

"Primary—Poisoning with illuminating gas and chloral hydrate (suicide).
"Duration—Three and one-half days.
"Contributory—Pneumonia (hypostatic).
"Duration—Two and one-half days.

(Signed) "J. G. PINKHAM, M. D.

"September 14, 1905. Residence, Lynn."

Certificate filed and duly signed, September 16, 1905.

MILTON D. PORTER,
Town Clerk.

BOSTON'S 275TH ANNIVERSARY

Boston will be 275 years old to-morrow. It was on September 17, 1630, that Governor Winthrop called together the "court of assistance" of the colony to decide upon some name for the settlement in place of the meaningless "Tri-Mountain." At the same time the settlement called Mattapan was named Dorchester, and the town on the Charles River was named Watertown.

VANDERBILT BEATS GOULD

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—With her oil-begrimed crew cheering like mad, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, fast turbine yacht Tarantula defeated Howard Gould's twin screw yacht, Niagara IV., by 2 minutes 48 seconds over a forty-knot course on Long Island Sound in a match race for $5,000 a side. Young Mr. Vanderbilt steered the Tarantula to victory, while Mr. Gould's yacht was piloted by Captain David Pullwood.

BODY OF MAYOR COLLINS ARRIVES IN BOSTON

BORNE FROM SOUTH STATION TO BRIGHTON

Crowd of 500 Persons Stood at the Terminal With Bared Heads.

NOW IN DARKENED HOME.

Continued from First Page.

ation beside the red car of the Pennsylvania system in which the body had been brought from Washington.

CROWD WITH BARED HEADS.

Only one or two saw the young man in the long rain coat, whose face bore visible traces of his suffering, as he stepped from the car and waited while the box was removed. One who did, rushed up to him with a handclasp that was strong in its sympathy, with one word:

"Paul!"

It was Paul Collins's college roommate and brother-in-law, Charles R. Stevenson.

As the white gloved hands of the police raised the box to their shoulders, hats came off. Slowly the bearers moved down the platform to the gate, between the lines of waiting people who stood with bared heads, to the waiting hearse.

Behind walked the son, John Collins, City Messenger Edward J. Leary and Charles Stevenson.

It took but few moments to do it all. The hearse drove away. The relatives sought a carriage and were driven to Corey Road to meet the widow and the daughters.

Under the strain of emotion during, seeking to make the burden at home as light as possible, Paul Collins has stood. The great was the shock of his father's sudden death that even yet he cannot seem to realize what has happened.

SON IS STUNNED.

"It came so quickly, so utterly without warning," he said, when he rose from his berth in the Pullman state room, to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, "that it left me for the time being stunned.

"We had no warning. It was not thought that father's illness was anything serious. He was weak because of the trouble he had had for two or three days, but nothing to alarm me. We engaged a nurse—the doctors said it was all right.

"On the morning he died——"

Paul Collins's voice broke and the memory came back to him. For the moment he sat staring out on the trees flashing by the car windows, his head dimmed.

It doesn't seem as though I can ever quite get over it. I went to his room and found him sleeping. He was very ill, and I could go to bed the night before. The nurse thought everything was all right. I went down stairs to breakfast.

"While I was there I heard awoke, and the nurse sent for the egg which he was accustomed to have every morning. It was not long after that they came for me.

"When I arrived at his room he had breathed his last. I couldn't realize it. It was several minutes before I could be convinced that he was really dead.

"Heart failure," was the doctor's succinct case of his death.

"Father to message. There was no time. It came too quickly.

"I cannot remember what his last words were to me. They were undoubtedly of some general topic connected with his health perhaps. He had no thought that the end of that was coming.

Mr. Collins was accompanied as far as Washington, where he met John J. Collins, by C. D. Dallas, a friend who was with the Mayor at Hot Springs. Dallas says that the Mayor uttered but two words before he died. They were, "Farewell, farewell," and the Mayor managed to move his hand feebly.

"I had only been with Mr. Collins two days," said Dallas. "Mr. Paul hadn't been gone from the room more than half an hour when there was a change came over Mr. Collins's face and the nurse sent for him.

"Then she whispered me to call Mr. Paul quick. I went to the door and said a bellboy. Then I rushed back to help the nurse. We tried to raise him a little. He looked at us, said 'farewell, farewell,' and just dropped off like he was going to sleep.

"Mr. Paul looked at him, then came in, and we told him what happened. His hands were upraised, and shutting, and he couldn't say one word. I felt awful sorry for him."

Short services were held in the chapel at Hot Springs before the body was removed to the train that was to bear it to Washington. Rev. Father Raffreey of Wickford, R. I., an admirer of His Mayor, conducted the service.

Alone, save for the colored valet, Paul Collins took up the journey toward home. In Washington he was met by Henry Litchfield West, one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia, a friend of Mr. Collins. Mr. West, whose heart went out to the young man, did everything that he could to help him. Here John J. Cobb, of the train that was to bear it to Washington. Rev. Father Raffreey of Wickford, R. I., an admirer of His Mayor, conducted the service.

Alone, save for the colored valet, Paul Collins took up the journey toward home. In Washington he was met by Henry Litchfield West, one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia, a friend of Mr. Collins. Mr. West, whose heart went out to the young man, did everything that he could to help him. Here John J. Cobb, of the Southern Express Company, and with the help of Special Agent Greene of the C. & O., the oak box was transferred across the station to the Federal Express.

The parting with the outside tag marked simply "P. A. Collins, Boston," every train in the station was directed. It was whispered about that it contained the body of Boston's Mayor. Many hats were uncovered when it was gently placed in the long red bagging car, and the door closed.

Just as the box was placed in the car a beautiful bouquet of pink roses from an American beauty roses accompanied by a card bearing a message of sympathy from Secretary Edward A. Moseley of the Interstate Commerce Commission. There were the only flowers on the box.

Photograph by Boston American Staff Photographer.

ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF MAYOR COLLINS AT THE SOUTH TERMINAL STATION TODAY.

500 PEOPLE MEET BODY AT STATION

Fully 500 people had gathered around track 27 at the South Station when the body of Mayor Collins arrived. Half an hour preceding the arrival of the Federal Express 200 had gathered about the train leading to the track. As the time approached for the arrival of the train the crowd increased. Trainmen from the Lagrange Street Station were on duty, under command of Sergeant Clinton Bowleg.

When the train was seen coming into the station a rush was made by the crowd in side the gates, and soon the entire track was filled with people. It was not the curious that greeted the arrival of the dead Collins's body. It was a gathering of those who loved and admired the man.

As the body was being taken from the baggage car hats were doffed. Not a word could be heard but the puffing of engines.

As the body was taken from the car and placed on the shoulders of six stalwart patrolmen, the crowd drew back and formed into a column from the baggage car door, where the hearse was waiting to bear it to the Mayor's home—Brighton.

Preceding the arrival of the train, six patrolmen were on duty at the gate to keep the crowd back, but the people manned to get by the police. The baggage room side and other gates.

The only official to meet the body of Mayor Collins was City Messenger Edward J. Leary. A city hall representative had not the body on the way to Boston.

The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Matthew J. Mullen of South Boston. After the casket had been placed in the hearse a large crowd slowly followed it to Brighton, and sadly watched it out of sight as it went toward Brighton.

COLLINS' BODY WILL NOT LIE IN STATE

The body of the late Mayor Collins will not lie in state at the City Hall, as the family is opposed to the idea. Many of Mr. Collins's friends were anxious that the city pay this formal tribute to his memory, but because of the deep feeling of the members of the late Mayor's family this observance will not be made.

An informal meeting was hastily called that Mrs. Collins and the children recognized the desire of the people of Boston to pay a last tribute to the dead, and that they had consented to allow the services to the Cathedral, instead of the parish church, as a compromise.

Monsignor Lavelle, the Mayor's private secretary, after a conference with the family of the late Mayor Collins, gave out the following statement:

"The funeral, so far as the home of Mr. Collins is concerned, will be strictly private. Friends are invited to attend the services at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross at 10:30 a. m., Monday, September 18.

"Owing to the domestic conditions prevailing, which, of course, will be obvious to everybody, friends or visitors cannot be received at the house prior to the departure of the funeral cortege for the church.

"The family request that no flowers be sent."

Arrangements for the funeral on Monday were nearly all completed to-day. Undertaker Matthew Mullen of South Boston, who has charge of the funeral, will arrive and who will have charge of it until its interment at the Cathedral cemetery. Hall to-day with the Mayor's secretary, M. P. Lavelle, and calling for a general display of mourning in behalf of the late called magistrate.

On the day of the funeral City Hall will be closed, and all of the employes will be given an opportunity to attend the funeral.

On the day of the funeral and during the hour of the solemn celebration of the requiem high mass the bells all over Boston connected with the fire signal system will be tolled.

5 MEN KILLED, 10 HURT, IN MILL EXPLOSION

Boiler Blows Up in Michigan Town With Terrible Effect.

PINCONNING, Mich., Sept. 16.—By the explosion of a boiler in the mill of Edward Jeanneau, five men were killed and eight or ten seriously injured, two of whom will probably die.

The destruction of the mill was complete. Portions of the mill were scattered several hundred feet.

SENDS GEMS TO WIFE, IS LOST

Prominent Salem Man Mysteriously Disappears, Friends Fear Foul Play.

After sending all his diamond rings, his baggage and other valuables, worth more than $500, to his wife, E. Augustus Wilkins, a travelling salesman for the Shawlast Suspender Company of Boston, and a prominent member of the Salem lodge of Elks, dropped out of sight last March. Now his friends fear that he has met with foul play or is confined in some insane asylum.

Wilkins sent his jewelry and baggage from Providence. He did not send any word with it. His wife, who lives in Beverly, received the goods. The man's father, James Wilkins, engineer for the Wilkesbarre Coal Company in Salem, says he has not heard a word from the missing man. Some time ago Wilkins met with an accident in New York which is thought to have affected his brain.

The missing man is described as being about thirty-nine years of age, five feet eight inches tall, of stout build, light complexion, wore a heavy sandy moustache and had light hair.

Officials of the company have done what they could to find a clue to his where abouts, but have failed. A commercial travelers' association to which he belonged has taken an interest in the case, and is trying to locate the man. The superintendent of police is also active, but it is said no clue has been found.

FEARS HIS WIFE MET FOUL PLAY

CENTRE OSSIPEE, N. H., Sept. 16.—Oscar J. Avery has asked High Sheriff L. Johnson of Carroll County to investigate the disappearance of his wife, who left home on August 30 to drive a farm team to Watertown, Me., thirty-five or forty miles from here, where he was to secure another place.

The man was seen in Waterboro the following day, but Mrs. Avery was not with him, and since she has been seen by her husband since the day of her departure, and Avery fears that she may have been the victim of foul play.

He says that there had been no quarrel between his wife and himself and he cannot account for her prolonged absence, except on the theory that harm has befallen her.

REDMOND GOES TO VERMONT TO-DAY

William H. K. Redmond, the Irish patriot, goes from Boston to Winooski, Vt., day from there to the home of St. Gaudens at Cornish, N. H., to view the model of the proposed statue of Charles Stewart Parnell.

MAINE'S LIBRARIAN DIES.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 16.—Leonard D. Carver, State librarian of Maine, died to-day, aged sixty-four years. He was appointed librarian by Governor Burleigh in 1890.

DEEP MYSTERY IN THE DEATH OF RICH SWAMPSCOTT WOMAN

Continued from First Page.

as medical examiner, declares he performed no autopsy.

Found Dying Sunday.

It is customary to report sudden deaths either by accident or suicide, or even when attempts at suicide are made, to the police. Mrs. Chase was found dying Sunday morning; she died Wednesday night. Knowledge of her death by suicide did not reach the police of Lynn until Friday. Dr. Chase says this was done to keep the fact of a suicide from the public.

Under the provisions of the original will of multi-millionaire Elias Phillips, which left more than $1,000,000 to each of his children, a husband of a daughter or wife of a son could not share in the wealth which came to him. In this case, however, in the absence of the will, Dr. Chase may inherit the wife's fortune.

The suggestion possible by reason of the fact that Mrs. Chase had adopted Dr. Chase's son, now thirty-eight years old, while she was only forty-eight years old. The doctor himself is seventy-three years old. By Mrs. Chase's death the fortune goes to this adopted son, as he is now ill of an incurable disease and is not expected to live for more than a few days. Thus, through the death of the wife, it goes to Dr. Chase, unless a will is found, or is known to exist.

One of the facts which have come out through Dr. Pinkham is that he had never prescribed chloral, one of the primal causes of death for Mrs. Chase, although he was the family physician. She had chloral, however, obtained on a prescription from a local druggist. This was supposed to be mixed with bromide.

DISCOVERED IN KITCHEN.

Another queer phase of the mystery is that Mrs. Chase was not found dying in her room. She was found with the gas turned on and unconscious in the kitchen of the Chase home at 6:30 o'clock Sunday morning. She had not been in her room all night, apparently. Dr. Chase was busy with his son, whose condition is critical, and did not miss his wife. He found her Sunday morning.

From that time forward the doctor and Dr. Pinkham, who immediately responded to a call, worked for days with Mrs. Chase. Then the end came. She never recovered consciousness.

Now, the investigation of the circumstances of her death began it has been ascertained that the Mrs. Chase was found dying, there was no one else in the house but Dr. Chase and his son, who was too ill to leave his room. A Chinese servant, a cook, also an expert dynamiter, would appear, was employed in the house, but was away at the time. He has since returned.

NO CAUSE FOR SUICIDE.

Now, while the official report of the mystery is that Mrs. Chase died herself, or rather died as a direct result of her taking poison, there is no cause for it. In fact, there is, as stated, absolutely no cause why she should commit suicide. She was well in excellent health, she was not despondent, she was not jealous of anyone.

On the contrary, investigation has brought out the fact that on Saturday, according to the feeling of the unconscious body she was in excellent spirits. A carpenter, who was working at the house, was in addition to the back of the house saw her in the grounds, talking with him, and was cheerful.

It is believed that Mrs. Chase entered the room where she was found about midnight. The carpenter saw her late in the afternoon. Therefore the mystery offers a problem of what queer mental condition could have induced her to end her own life between the time the carpenter saw her and midnight.

Arrangements have been made to bury Mrs. Chase this afternoon. Her brothers and other relatives will attend the funeral, although for a long time the relations of the members of the family have been strained.

Aside of the Phillips brothers says, referring to this cause and also to the fact that David R. Phillips, committed suicide in April under circumstances then thought to indicate foul play:

"FAMILY HIT HARD."

"Our family has been getting hit hard lately, and I wonder when it is going to stop. I cannot write over this last blow. We all loved Jennie, for she was a good woman, who meant well and would not do a wrong act or injure anybody.

"We were not on friendly terms with Dr. Chase and his wife, although I do not recall that a single unkind word ever passed between us. We did not attend their marriage, and after it took place they were accustomed to visit this house. We tried to make them feel at home, and frequently Jennie would call upon us alone and pass a few pleasant hours in our company.

"Strained relations began to manifest themselves about three years ago, immediately following the failure of Dr. Chase to dissolve the Phillips trust.

"Dr. Chase had with his son, his an office in the Hotel Pelham, at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets.

According to the friends of the family, Mrs. Chase's fortune of about $1,000,000 goes to Dr. Chase's son Woodruff, who is now in the employ of the doctor. In this case there is no will found. No will is known to exist. Should the wife of the adopted son, having been born to Dr. and Mrs. Chase, receive the income from dead woman's fortune is estimated at something like $50,000 a year.

These facts, although kept secret by members of the family, are well known throughout Swampscott. The details of the manner in which the woman was found dead were kept secret as long as possible, and every attempt was made by the medical examiner and Dr. Chase to prevent anyone from knowing of the woman's mysterious death. The excuse is that Dr. Chase naturally does not want the public to know that his wife ended her own life.

Arrayed Herself for Death.

When a reporter called at the house and inquired of the death of the woman a servant said she had died of typhoid pneumonia. Dr. Chase refused absolutely to talk with reporters.

Mrs. Chase had arrayed herself in a beautiful and costly white silk gown just before she met her death. Near her body, on the kitchen table, was a note written by her to Dr. Chase, and in this she said: "I do this of my own free will." No cause else is given. She is to be buried in the dress I have on and in the Swampscott Cemetery. The note was found by the side of the way easily."

Dr. Pinkham, although Mrs. Chase's family physician, says he did not prescribe poison for his wife. I prescribed a sleeping potion for her, but it was not poison. It was correctly mixed, as the prescription was filled by a local druggist. I did not investigate.

"A deadly gas dog and some blots were in the room. We removed Mrs. Chase to her bedroom, but she died without regaining consciousness Wednesday.

"I questioned Dr. Chase about the woman's condition prior to her death, and he said she was in the best possible spirits. He had seen her upon retiring Saturday night, but did not notice her getting up. He was attending his ill son during the night, and discovered Mrs. Chase when he came down stairs to go to the kitchen. He looked through the windows and saw his wife unconscious on the floor.

"Dr. Chase then broke into the room and summoned me.

Positive Woman Is Suicide.

"As for Mrs. Chase's son needs almost the whole of his attention, Dr. Chase did not see much of his wife, and paid little attention to her movements. At any rate, I believe that Mrs. Chase's death is clearly a case of suicide. I presume that in a sudden fit of despondency she took from her own life, although there is apparently no reason for her doing so. Her brother, David committed suicide, but I cannot say that suicide is hereditary with the family."

Mrs. Chase married Dr. Chase about the spring of 1898. She had secured a divorce from William Cullinan, a poor Salem mechanic, on the ground of desertion an annuity of $1,800 after securing her separation from him. Dr. Chase also had been freed from his wife, Miss Nettie Lloyd, by divorce.

Woodruff Chase, who is now thirty-years old, is son of the first Mrs. Chase, and cannot live long. He was legally adopted as the son of Mrs. Chase when he was just a child. Dr. Chase is in his seventy-fifth year, and was born in Pinkham, N. H.

The dead woman was a great lover of animals, and had a kindly disposition. Her death, regarded as it is in mystery, has caused great sorrow in Swampscott.

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I have been curing cancer, tumors, chronic and all blood diseases by my special absorption method of treatment for the past 25 years and have on file at my office hundreds of testimonials from patients that have been cured to stay cured.

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I charge nothing for a friendly talk. Come to my office; consult me; let me diagnose your case. It will cost you one cent. If your case is curable I will tell you so and will charge you according to your means and your judgment.

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DR. SHOOP

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN
Published Daily and Sunday at 80 and 82 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
NEW ENGLAND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING CO.

Entered at second class matter, March 17, 1904, at the post office at Boston, Mass.

Price: Daily, One Cent; Sunday, Five Cents.

Subscription rates (to any address in the United States outside of Boston), Canada and Mexico.

Daily only:	
One year	$6.00
Six months	3.00
One month	.50
Sunday only:	
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Six months	.75
Daily and Sunday:	
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One month	.65

MORGAN, JR., IS HERE ON ARABIC

The White Star liner Arabic docked here early to-day after a quick passage from Liverpool with J. S. Morgan, Jr., the fourteen-year-old grandson of J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the passengers. The boy's father is head of the London branch of the J. P. Morgan & Co. banking house, and the family live in England. The father, however, wants his son educated in this country, and so sent him to Boston with his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Grew of this city. The Morgan lad will enter Groton School.

Another passenger was Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Maine. He said:

"You could not get much idea of what the peace conference was doing from European papers. Over there all the credit of making peace is given to President Roosevelt and his prestige is much enhanced."

There were 274 saloon and 2/4 second cabin passengers aboard. The steerage passengers numbered 674, and included 95 American citizens. Among the others were English, Finns, Scandinavians, Hebrews, Irish, Poles, Welshmen, Spaniards, Germans, Russians and one Dutchman. The steerage was a babel.

PUBLIC NOTICE!
Great Sale
Of $100,000 Worth New
FALL CLOTHING
—AT—
60c. on the Dollar

Our Lease not expiring for some little time, we shall, beginning today, sell out our entire Fall and Winter Stock at prices far below any ever named for High Grade Clothing. Impoverishment Sacrifice gains can be got in New Fall and Winter Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, etc., but prompt action is necessary, as our Lease expires shortly and we must then get out.

Men's Fall Suits

Men's Fall Suits, formerly $10, now	4.98
Men's Fall Suits, formerly $12, now	7.00
Men's Fall Suits, formerly $15, now	9.00
Men's Fall Suits, formerly $18, now	11.00
Men's Fall Suits, formerly $20, now	13.75

Men's Topcoats

Men's Topcoats, formerly $10, now	5.00
Men's Topcoats, formerly $12, now	6.75
Men's Topcoats, formerly $15, now	9.00
Men's Topcoats, formerly $18, now	11.00
Men's Topcoats, formerly $20, now	12.59

Men's Rain Coats

Men's Rain Coats, formerly $10.00, now	5.75
Men's Rain Coats, formerly $14.00, now	7.75
Men's Rain Coats, formerly $16.50, now	8.75
Men's Rain Coats, formerly $18.00, now	10.75

Men's and Boys' Shoes

2000 pairs Men's $3.00 Shoes, now	1.98
1200 pairs Boys' $2.00 Solid Durable Shoes, now	98c

Young Men's Double Breasted Long Pants Suits
Ages 16 to 20 Years.

$7.50 Blacks, Oxfords, Fancy Scotchees, now	4.75
$10 Blacks, Tweeds, Cheviots, now	6.75
$11.75 Heavy Blue Serges, now	7.50

Boys' School Suits

1000 Boys' Double Breasted Suits, 6 to 17 years.	98c

NOTE—We want it distinctly understood that these are not Cheap Suits—We selected 1000 suits from our $2.00 and $2.50 lines and offer them at a special price for quick selling, to enable every boy to start school with a new suit.

1000 $3.00 Blue Black or Fancy Suits, now	1.65
1000 $3.50, most of them all wool Suits, now	1.95
1000 $4.00 All Wool Suits, now	2.45
1000 $5.00 All Wool Fancy Cheviots, now	2.95

Boys' Fall and Winter Overcoats

$4.00 Oxford Topcoats, now	1.95
$5.00 Tan Covert Cloths, now	2.95
$2.00 Winter Overcoats, 3 to 7 years	98c
$4.00 Belted Winter Overcoats, 8 to 16 years	1.98

Sale Open Until 9 at Night, Saturdays 10:30

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"The Iliad of the American working girl has never yet been written, but when it is the heroine should be some girl like Ella Berry; independent, intelligent, thoroughly capable as a business woman, yet as delicate as a flower, as finely str ung as an aeolian harp, a mere bunch of quivering nerves and sensibiilities.

"In other countries the working woman has a coarser fibre to fit her for what she must endure.

"It is only in America that we have achieved in woman the almost impossible combination of a wonderful financial ability allied to the most exquisite feminine sensibility, just as we have given the heavy roadster of Europe the swiftness and the stamina that makes the fast American trotting horse."—*DOROTHY DIX.*

GIRL DRIVEN TO DEATH BY CALUMNY BURIED HERE TODAY

Miss Ella Berry of Medford, Who Shot Herself in New York, Laid at Rest.

Grief stricken at the death of Miss Ella F. Berry, who killed herself in the Hotel Manhattan in New York because she could not drive from her mind the story told about her by another woman, the members of her family to-day attended her funeral in the chapel of the Forest Hills Cemetery.

Seldom has such a pathetic scene taken place as that witnessed as the body of the beloved girl was borne from the chapel to its final resting place. Probably there has never been a more "human-interest" example of a young woman being driven to end her life because of a reflection upon her good name.

Of the three people who were the principals in the domestic trouble, two of them have met tragic death by their own hands. Alfred L. Picard, the man in the case, after having left trouble with his wife, sold out his business in this city and went West. That was early in the Summer. Miss Berry, who had been his confidential secretary, went on a vacation to Maine.

Story Coupled Names Together.

It was after the disappearance of her husband and the leaving of Miss Berry for her vacation that the story connecting the names of Picard and the young woman was circulated. Mrs. Picard insisted that the stories were true.

Miss Berry returned to her home in West Medford and her emphatic denial of the stories was printed in the Boston newspapers. Picard returned to Boston, and it was said that he attempted to have a reconciliation with his wife. If he ever attempted to do so he did not succeed and one day in June last he was found dead with a bullet hole in his head in Hotel Bradford. The case was put down as one of suicide by the police.

Then came the suicide of Miss Berry in New York, ending the life of the second one of the trio mixed up with the scandal. The whereabouts of Mrs. Picard at the present time are not known.

At the time Picard sold out his electrical supply business on Atlantic avenue he lived with his wife at Beachmont. Mrs. Picard, in connecting the name of Miss Berry with that of her husband, said:

"My husband told me that he could not live without Miss Berry."

Calls Woman Responsible.

With tears falling down his cheeks, Lorenzo D. Perry, the father of the young woman, to-day expressed himself bitterly against the woman who he declares was responsible for the driving of his daughter to death by her own hand.

"Suppose you had raised a girl to the age of twenty," he said, "and found her to possess great business ability—a girl self-reliant, strong-minded, high-strung, loyal, graceful and beautiful, a girl with a high-minded nature—and then that girl were driven by the horror of her feelings to commit suicide because of the spiteful and untrue accusation of another woman; how would you feel toward a person responsible for such a tragedy in a home?

"I have been hours and hours without sleep or food," continued the father, "but I wouldn't care if I never ate or slept if I could bring that poor girl back to life. My child, now in her coffin, had not need to die. She leaves a girl and a boy to have three children left, and there are of the same strong, staunch nature, such as my parent might well be proud of. It was a crime before God that this one should unnecessarily die.

Letter to Her Sister.

"Something has been printed about a letter from my dead child making accusations. It is all a garbled creation. I will tell you about the letter. It was written at the Manhattan Hotel on ordinary notepaper by Ella as the note to take her life, and it was sent to her sister Amy at our home, Monument terrace, West Medford. The letter did not even bear a date line. It read:

"'Dear Amy—I am stopping at the Manhattan Hotel, New York city, and registered under the name of A. W. Wildey.

"'ELLA.'

"There was nothing in the letter beyond what I tell you."

The older brother, Elmer E. Perry, who is an official in the money department of the American Express Company on Summer street, and who holds high rank as general installation officer of the odd Fellows and Free Masons, being known over the eastern and middle section of the country, said:

"I am willing to go over the case of my sister's death for the BOSTON AMERICAN. My sister Ella was an expert stenographer and typewriter, and she early developed business qualities that made her invaluable to her employers. Her capabilities in that line were astonishing. It was apparent that she could handle best mens matters better than most experienced and older persons. Mr. Picard's business was largely intrusted to her.

Conversant With Business.

"Picard had an electrical supply house at No. 308½ Atlantic avenue. My sister soon became conversant with every detail of it, and was fairly well paid for her services. There came a time toward the last when she worked late at night, clearing up the details, until she was out of health, which she never fully regained.

"At about this time things went wrong in the Picard family. His second wife and his sister told Ella that they wanted to have him committed to an institution and asked her to assist them in securing control of any money that he might possess. She refused to have anything to do with these proceedings, and the trouble commenced right there.

"Soon accusations flew about and letters were writing purporting to come from neighbors of the Picard family. Private detectives being around the office until it went down there and beat two or three suspects.

"My sister stuck to the business until it was closed out and went to Old Orchard for her health. In the meantime Picard had gone to Hope, Idaho. Then it was that an article was inspired in a newspaper, saying they eloped. The one who gave the story vouched for it.

"In four hours after publication, while Picard was still in Idaho, I took my sister into the newspaper office who subpoenaed many foul animals, but nothing could even paralyze my sister. She felt degradation and ruination in everything. She did not seek employment for eleven months.

"Recently, feeling better, she took a place. They liked her work. A few weeks ago they suggested a vacation for her. She went to Rye Beach to see my mother. After that she went to New York.

"We had often feared she would commit suicide. All our efforts to sweeve her mind from her trouble were fruitless. On the day she died I had a presentiment of it. It is terrible, but we cannot bring her back."

Miss Amy Berry, a sister of the dead girl, said:

"I must leave it all to my father and brothers. It is terrible, although we had feared something of the sort. I fear it will kill my parents."

Miss Amy Berry is a stenographer in a Boston office. Her younger brother, W. L. Berry, is a government inspector in Boston.

MRS. ALFRED PICARD (FORMERLY ELLA F. BERRY)

MISS ELLA F. BERRY

GIRL WHO ENDED LIFE IN NEW YORK AND WIFE OF FORMER EMPLOYER.

Voice of Scandal Hounded High Strung, Sensitive American Girl to Self Destruction, Says Dorothy Dix—Strange Story of Fate Which Pursued Innocent Girl to End.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—The story of the gay stenographer, of the beautiful young girl with the rose of May blooming on her cheeks, and the Spring of youth in her lissome figure, who steals her employer's heart away from his jaded and elderly wife and breaks up a happy home, has been told all too often in the divorce courts of late.

To-day we are listening to the antithesis of that sordid story—to the tragedy of an innocent girl, pure as a lily, who was driven to despair and death by the baseless jealousy of the wife of the man whose secretary she once had been.

It was most pathetic story as it was told by two men, the brother and father of Ella Berry, the pretty young woman who committed suicide on Wednesday morning at the Hotel Manhattan, and who sobbed, as they told it, above the poor mutilated face of her whom they still called "Baby," and who had been too tender, too delicate, too sensitive to battle against calumny.

Some women are strong enough to live down slander. Some can only perish under it. Ella Berry belonged to this latter class. To her every word of suspicion was the sting of a serpent, every accusation the stab of a dagger. Every glance tortured her. She felt neighborhood gossip bite about her like a brood of adders. An unfounded slander in a newspaper seared her very soul, and seemed to her morbid fancy to set a brand of shame upon her brow that burned into her consciousness as did the scarlet letter on Hester Pryne's breast.

No Escape Nor Rest Save in Death.

It is easy to see how a woman so crushed, so humiliated, as unable to fight falsehoods at every step, comes at last to the parting of the ways—to the place where the overwrought brain whispers there is no escape—no peace, nor rest except in death, and the poor, tortured creature seeks Nirvana in self-destruction.

Then slander had done its perfect work, for the tongue has slain as many as the sword.

The Iliad of the American working girl has never yet been written, but when it is the heroine should be some girl like Ella Berry, independent, intelligent, thoroughly capable as a business woman, yet as delicate as a flower, as finely strung as an aeolian harp, a mere bunch of quivering nerves and sensibilities. In other countries the working woman has a coarser fibre to fit her for what she must endure. It is only in America that we have achieved in woman the almost impossible combination of a wonderful financial ability allied to the most exquisite feminine sensibility, just as we have given the heavy roadster of Europe the swiftness and the stamina that makes the fast American trotting horse.

Ella Berry was a type of this kind of working woman. She came of a good family and held a good social position. The clerk of the Hotel Manhattan, skilled in unerringly reading character at a glance, had no difficulty in placing her at once as a woman used to travel, of frequenting the best hotels, accustomed to deference and respect.

He read it in the perfect taste of her well-made, well-fitting and appropriate traveling gown; in the delicate features of the pretty face, in the quiet dignity of her actions, unmistakeable proofs always, for a woman never moves or speaks without proclaiming her caste, as unmistakeable as the Hindoo who bears the mark on his forehead.

It was not necessary that she should work. She was the youngest, the baby and darling of the family, and her parents would gladly have kept her at home.

But after she finished school, she wanted something to do, she wanted to be independent, and she studied stenography, and after she had graduated obtained a situation in the office of E. L. Picard, an electrical engineer of Boston.

Dark Clouds of Fate on Horizon.

The bright, quick, young girl soon developed remarkable business talent. She was interested in her work. She gave the greatest satisfaction to her employer, and her busy, happy life seemed as full of sunshine and promise as a Spring morning, but unknown, undreamed of, unsuspected by her, the dark clouds of fate had begun to gather on her horizon.

Her employer, Mr. Picard, and his wife did not get on harmoniously together. The husband declared that his wife was insanely jealous, and by and by her baseless suspicions fixed themselves upon the pretty stenographer.

Heaven knows what the woman taught herself to imagine, for there is no fancy so wild that a jealous woman will not torture herself with it, but certain it is she insulted and wounded the girl by cruel speeches and innuendoes, and finally set the tongues of gossip wagging—the bloodthirsty tongues that live by nothing so much as to tear a young girl's character to shreds, and then spit upon it as it lies slain upon the pavement.

But conscious of her innocence Ella Berry held on her way and kept her position. Sometimes she would weep upon her mother's breast as she told of how she was ill-used and traduced, but the next day she would wipe the tears away and go back to work.

At last, unable to endure the domestic discord any longer Mr. Picard left his business in Ella Berry's hands to be wound up and went West to found a new home for himself.

This infuriated the wife. She tried to have her husband committed to an insane asylum and to prevent the business from being discontinued, but loyal little Ella considered that a sacred trust had been left in her hands by her employer, and not until the last account was collected and the last bill settled did she falter in carrying out the instructions that had been given her.

Then, worn out with the exhausting labor and responsibility that had been laid upon her, and sick and heart-sick at the scandals that had reared their ugly heads about her, she and her mother were planning to go to a quiet spot along the Maine coast for rest and relaxation. While they were getting ready for their outing Ella and a brother and sister went into Boston one day to do some shopping. On the way a newspaper article, under scare headlines caught her eye. It said that Miss Berry had eloped with her employer, E. L. Picard and that they were living together as man and wife in St. Louis.

The three immediately went to the newspaper office to disprove the cruel lie. The editor told them that Mrs. Picard had herself furnished the details of the story and corroborated them. The next day every paper in Boston published the refutation of the calumnious story, but the deed had been done.

The girl's soul had received a blow from which it never was to recover. The mother took the stricken girl away, where prying eyes could not spy upon her, scandal mongers lips not wound her, but it was of no avail. In the whisper of the leaves, in the break of the waves upon the shore she heard the voices of those she knew repeating the falsehood that had blackened her name and she fell into a state of melancholy that seriously undermined her health.

Time, however, is merciful to the young, and slander with nothing to feed upon dies of inanition. As the months went by Ella began to forget the cruel things a jealous woman had said about her. She grew cheerful once more, and last November took a position in a music house, where she was most agreeably situated, and it seemed as if the incident that had darkened her life for a time was a closed chapter in her past.

Fate Drew Her Back Into Shadow.

But this Summer two strange and inexplicable turns of the wheel of fate drew her back again into the shadow out of which she was trying to struggle.

In June Mr. Picard, her old employer, came back to Boston from the West, where he had gone to live, and killed himself.

In September the girl was given a vacation, and going by chance to Hampton, N. H., she met Alfred Picard, the dead man's daughter and her old friend. What passed between the two girls no one knows; what message from the dead father or reproaches from the living mother the one girl may have borne and the other received no one may ever guess. It may have been merely that the association brought back in all its hideous vividness the sufferings that she had borne before, but when Ella returned home her family noticed that she was nervous and ever restless. The next day she kissed her mother good-bye, saying she was going into Boston on an errand.

She did not return. The anxious family began looking for her, and even as they looked a letter was brought in telling them that she had decided to take her life, and that she would be dead when they received it. How this tragic deed was accomplished in the Manhattan Hotel, how she calmly and deliberately set about killing herself has been told over and over again. Robed as if for burial, she laid down upon the bed and sent a bullet crashing through her brain and then—the calumny and the praise of the poor, foolish, babbling world was alike to her.

She had gone where its voices could not reach her, poor little victim of slanderous tongues.

KOMURA TOOK POISON, SAYS COMPATRIOT

Head of Japanese Amusement Troupe Declares Envoy's Illness Due to "Harikari."

SIOUX CITY, Sept. 16.—An impromised form of harikari is being employed by Baron Komura, the Japanese plenipotentiary, to end his existence, according to Manager Takashita, head of a party of Japanese vaudeville performers appearing at the Interstate Fair.

Komura has chosen to commit suicide by means of a subtle poison which will make it appear that he is dying a natural death and not being disgrace upon him in America, at the same time appeasing the wrath of his countrymen, he says.

Takashita is well educated and an interesting talker. He directed an inquiry to an interviewer regarding the condition of Komura. Upon being informed that Komura was no worse he shook his head sadly and replied:

"But he will never return to Japan. Neither will he get well. To the followers of the Mikado it was all very plain when we read in the American newspapers the other day that our countrymen were preparing to receive Komura upon his return with funeral rites.

"I suspect Komura had previously been apprised of this action by private cablegram. It left no alternative for him. His nation had spoken. It demanded his death as the only means of atoning for the disgrace of making such a bad bargain with Russia after so many thousands of our soldiers and sailors had shed their life blood in getting a death clutch on the Czar's throat."

NINE BURN TO DEATH IN FUSE FACTORY FIRE

Friends Watch Victims Roast in Flames, Unable to Give Aid.

AVON, Ct., Sept. 16.—Five men and four women are dead as the result of an explosion and subsequent fire that destroyed one of the buildings of the Climax Fuse factory in this place. Seven others are burned and bruised to such an extent that they will be under a doctor's care for weeks.

Seven victims were either killed outright or died from their injuries yesterday. Two died to-day.

During the progress of the fire the people of the village could see bodies roasting in the flames, but were powerless to render any aid, as the town is without fire fighting apparatus.

The exact cause of the accident may never be known, but it is generally believed that in an effort to keep out a stoppage in one of the machines, James Joyce caused an explosion of a fuse with the iron he held in his hand. Joyce is among the dead.

Inflammable material was set on fire, and in a few moments the room was a mass of flames. In an instant the twenty employes, men and women, panic stricken, made a mad rush for the doors and windows. During the scramble many were pushed back into the building, while others were severely burned.

The explosion took place on the ground floor of the older building in the factory group, in the finishing room.

The physicians from nearby towns came to the rescue and cared for the injured.

The scene at the fire was heartrending. Friends and relatives of the missing were frantic when it became known that bodies of those dear to them were being burned to a crisp in the ruins of the factory.

As one of the walls of the second largest building fell several bodies could be seen entangled in the ruins of machinery in the basement, and in a short time they were reduced to ashes.

The fire spread to the new structure, which cost $35,000, and in a few hours only the four walls remained. Two small buildings were reduced to ashes, making a total of four burned, the loss on which is estimated to be $100,000.

DIES OF CIVIL WAR WOUND.

LYNN, Sept. 16.—Reuben M. Walker is dead at his home, No. 83 Fayette street, from a wound received forty-two years ago at the battle of Chancellorsville, when he was shot in the mouth, the bullet never having been taken from his head.

A Nickel-Plated Trick Match Safe or a Lady's Hat Pin FREE with every 3-line classified or "Want" advertisement (except situations) in next SUNDAY'S AMERICAN. Take your choice.

$48,000 TO AID ROOSEVELT BY NEW YORK LIFE

George W. Perkins Says Campaign Contributions to Republicans Were Made.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—That $48,000 was paid by the New York Life Insurance Company to the National Republican Committee on December 30, 1904, and similar contributions in 1900 and 1896 has developed at the insurance investigation. George W. Perkins, J. P. Morgan's partner, produced the check for 1904, dated December 30, and testified that the money was promised to Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the committee.

The reasons for the contributions, declared Mr. Perkins, was that the company feared its assets would be endangered in case of Democratic success.

Witness said the first contribution made was in 1896 by President McCall, who is a Democrat. "He contributed to the McKinley campaign fund," he said, "and voted for McKinley because he felt it was in the best interests of the policy-holders of his company."

Testimony Causes Stir.

This bomb exploding created a stir in the densely packed room. Throughout his testimony Mr. Perkins paced the small platform upon which the witness chair is placed, and accompanied his explanations with earnest gestures. He frequently suggested questions to the counsel.

Pursuing the check inquiry further, Mr. Hughes brought out that this expenditure was never brought to the attention of the finance committee, the witness terming it "purely executive action."

It was charged against cash on the books of the Hanover Bank office, or financial department. Witness did not know against what account the other contributions were made, but he would furnish data.

Witness here interposed. "I would like to make one statement: The fact that the check is drawn to J. P. Morgan & Co. had no significance. I paid out the money and it was merely because of a convenience of transmittal that the check was made payable to J. P. Morgan & Co."

"What other contributions to political campaign funds have been made by the company?"

"None to my knowledge."

Left to Officers' Discretion.

"Is there no self-restraint allowed the officers in these campaign contributions?"

"None that I know of. I think we have a right to leave the matter to the judgment of the officers."

Mr. Perkins was questioned about several transactions in bonds to J. P. Morgan & Co., and when a certain sale was under discussion he was asked by Senator Armstrong:

"Now in the transaction, when did Mr. Perkins, an officer of the New York Life give way to Mr. Perkins, an officer of J. P. Morgan & Co.?"

"I don't understand your point."

"Well, you, as an officer of the New York Life, name one order, and Perkins, as officer of J. P. Morgan & Co., receives it. When were you acting for the New York Life, when for J. P. Morgan & Co.? When were you acting for the New York Life?"

"All the time."

"When were you acting for J. P. Morgan & Co.?"

"That depends on the occasion."

"Well, if you are acting for the New York Life, there is not much time left for J. P. Morgan & Co.," remarked Senator Armstrong.

READ IN

Tomorrow's Boston American

The remarkable story told by

A Boston Boy

Who is now a fugitive, on how he

Escaped From the Worcester Insane Asylum

PUBLIC NOTICES.

Stuart's DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

cure all kinds of dyspepsia, loss of appetite, gas in the stomach or bowels, palpitation of the heart and every form of stomach trouble. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a package.

NORTH DAKOTA DIVORCE NOT BINDING HERE

Judge Gaskill Gives Decree Nisi to Woman Divorced by Husband in North Dakota.

SECOND WIFE NOT LEGAL

LAWRENCE, Sept. 16.—By a decision of Judge Gaskill in the Superior Court a North Dakota divorce is not binding in Massachusetts and persons who marry after being granted such a divorce are not legally wed.

This startling decision was brought in the case of Mrs. Julia E. Porter of Salem, who sued Samuel H. Porter of Reddington for a divorce, although Mr. Porter obtained a divorce from her in North Dakota in 1898 on the statutory grounds. He married Isabel Hamilton four years ago, and has lived with her as man and wife.

Judge Gaskill, by overruling the North Dakota divorce and granting Mrs. Porter a divorce, has decreed that Mrs. Porter, 36, is not Porter's legal wife. He decreed that Mrs. Porter, 1st, shall be given custody of her minor children and $4 a week for their support. Porter is ordered to pay counsel fee before divorce is final.

The decision will attract widespread attention, as it is the first time in Massachusetts that a divorce granted by a North Dakota court has been declared of no binding effect in Massachusetts. It may have an important bearing on divorce cases that may come up later in the courts of the State.

Mrs. Porter brought action, she says, to ascertain just what is her legal standing. "Am I Samuel H. Porter's legal wife, or is the woman he took to the altar four years ago his wife?" she inquired of her counsel. Is the father of my two minor children responsible for their support?" The court has decided in her favor, but it puts Mrs. Porter, 36, in a very embarrassing position.

GENERAL MEADE'S DAUGHTER IS DEAD

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 16.—Miss Margaret Meade, sixty years old, daughter of General George Gordon Meade, who commanded the Union armies at Gettysburg, was stricken with apoplexy to-day while on her way to church and died in the sanctuary. Her home was in Philadelphia.

DR. GLADDEN LOSES FIGHT ON TAINTED MONEY

American Board Hears His Resolution and Then Defeats the Measure.

COMMITTEE NEEDS MONEY

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 16.—The American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church has decided by a vote of four to one to table all resolutions on the question of "tainted money." Dr. Gladden, who introduced the resolution, made a hard fight in favor of his measure.

Dr. Gladden entered the auditorium while Secretary Smith was reading reports, the appeal of the prudential committee for more money, arguing in favor of the acceptance of the Rockefeller gift.

Seeing Dr. Gladden, President Capen interrupted Mr. Smith and recognized the venerable moderator. Dr. Gladden then arose in the body of the hall and offered his resolution.

The resolution was referred to the business committee for report at the proper time. There was no discussion.

Upon the presentation of the report the vote was taken and the resolution defeated.

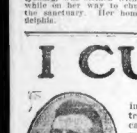
ESCAPES BEING SAWED IN TWO

William A. Dingwell, of No. 11 Sixth street, South Boston, was twice saved from death by the promptness and coolness of two of companions at the factory of J. L. Brown, No. 379 Albany street, when he was caught by a big circular saw and nearly cut.

They dragged him from the saw as it was downing him to a frightful death, and again saved his life by applying tourniquets made from their shirt sleeves to the injured member, thus saving him from bleeding to death.

Dingwell had turned away from the saw, and his right hand caught in the teeth of the saw. His body was being drawn towards the saw when two of his companions leaped to his assistance.

I CURE MEN



I make no charge for a consultation. Come to me in the strictest confidence. I have been exclusively treating ailments of men for years. Nothing science can devise or money buy is lacking in my office equipment. Among my electrical appliances I have the Static Galvanic Faradic Currents and X-Ray; also the largest chamber of Violet Rays for the treatment of nervous and skin diseases. I will use you honestly, treat you skillfully and restore you to health in the shortest time with the least medicines, discomfort and expense practicable.

I have cured hundreds of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring, and every man of them is a walking advertisement for my method and treatment. I have done great work, and those whom I have cured are the more grateful because the cost is not exorbitant.

All men afflicted with any ailment are urged to come to me at once in fullest confidence. Consultation free and invited.

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ABOUT 100 acres, only 15 cows, 1,000 bbls. apples first crop; all kinds small fruits, large pasture, house 10 rooms, barn 50 feet long, carriage room, hennery, everything in best repair; 2 miles from railroad station; price $3,000; terms. 2-horse market wagon, $50; has engine and saw, $50; 1-horse market wagon, $30; 1-horse farm wagon, $30; 1-horse carriage, $30; village farm 5 minutes from schools, library, churches and town hall; 8 miles from Boston. Call or address HARRINGTON & CO., 287 Washington st., Boston.

FOR SALE, Greenwood—New house 8 rooms, bath, modern improvements, set tubs, laundry, curtains, etc.; excellent neighborhood, near school, electric cars; owner must sell; will take $2,600; $20 may 3 months interest. Apply to STARR, 82 Devonshire street, Room 528, Old South bldg.

REVERE—Chance of a lifetime, brick house, 7 rooms and bath, gas fixtures, raised for burner, high land, fine neighborhood, $2,800; $100 cash, 1 per cent. P. J. STARR, 82 Devonshire street.

MILFORD BARGAIN.

FOR SALE—Six modern 1-family houses, 8 and 9 rooms, with baths, steam heat, hot water, set tubs, hardwood finish, etc. Mortgage $5,000 at 4½ per cent. Price $6,000; $1,000 cash, balance easy terms. Inspection every day. Inquire for Mr. NICHOLS, on the premises.

$4,400

MODERN 2-apartment house, 14 rooms, 2 baths, 2 toilets, steam heat, hot water, set tubs, accepted street, grandfather walks, excellent location, convenient to electric cars, boat and train; bargain at the above price. HUSH & CO., 1752 Washington st., Boston.

THEN just so much will you more eight from home to "Wellington Farm" in Medford, large trees, large shades, screens, and good lot of land; 8 rooms, bath, set tubs, etc.; price $6,500; $500 down, 10 rooms, rent $40, price $7,500. Apply to owner, HARRY A. KING, 282 Washington st., Room 24, Boston, or to owner, HARRY A. KING, 282 Tremont st.

½ ACRE CHICKEN FARMS.

$100—62 down; $1 week; house 8rs, $19, $20, $21; 10 rooms, $22; 11 rooms, $23; 12 rooms, $24; 13 rooms, $25; good soil, two blocks. BARTLETT, 89 Court.

1 ACRE, $100 down from the car shop and a full set of machines and tools, will sell you more eight from home to "Wellington Farm" in Medford, large trees, large shades, screens, and good lot of land; 8 rooms, bath, set tubs, etc.; price $6,500; $500 down, 10 rooms, rent $40, price $7,500. Apply to owner, HARRY A. KING, 282 Washington st., Room 24, Boston, or to owner, HARRY A. KING, 282 Tremont st.

M. E. HOLBROOK, Stoughton, Mass.

FIVE acres, with 7-room house, fine location, facing several small ponds and Connecticut river, just right for poultry and small fruit and for part of year land well divided, mowing and tillage, pasture, good wood lot, 100 apple trees, 50 pears, 500 window grapes, 1876, part 2-story house, 7 rooms, good cellar, barn 30x40, 2 stalls, 2 cows, 2 horses, 2 carriages, 2 sets harness, 2 sleds, 2 plows, 2 cultivators, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 spring wagon, 1 horse cart, 1 sleigh, 1 pung, 1 set double harness, 1 set single harness, 1 set farming tools, 1 set carpenter tools, 1 set blacksmith tools, 1 set shoemaker tools, 1 set tinsmith tools, 1 set painter tools, 1 set mason tools, 1 set plumber tools, 1 set harness tools, 1 set cooper tools, 1 set wheelwright

WHOLE WORLD OF **SPORTS** COVERED FOR THE **BOSTON AMERICAN** BY ITS CORPS OF **EXPERTS**

MIKE "TWIN" CLAIMS ROBBERY AT BALTIMORE

BOSTON BOY OUTFIGHTS JOE GANS BUT ONLY GETS A DRAW.

Special to the Boston American.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 16.—For fifteen rounds Mike "Twin" Sullivan of Boston battled with Joe Gans, the lightweight champion, outpointing him all the way, only to be awarded a draw at the close.

The colored man got a worse trouncing than Jimmy Britt gave him, and, in the opinion of the best judges, could have fared but a few rounds longer.

The referee's decision was greeted with cries of derision and shouts of "robbery!"

Judging by his grand showing before an Eureka A. C., Sullivan is now entitled to mix it up with the best fighters of the game.

Sullivan had easily the better of his mill with Gans, and the older and wiser heard the assertion that he was robbed of the honors.

During the bout, the Hub boxer manfully forced the colored man to go some in a local arena. In the first round, owing to overconfidence, Sully got into the way of one of Gans's vicious swings and went to the mat.

THOUGHT IT ALL OVER.

So hard was the blow that the fans started to make their exit, thinking the whilter would not be able to come up again.

In a half-dazed condition the Boston boy regained his feet, however. No sooner did the surprised man ever stood in a ring than Sullivan, when he saw his rival regain his feet, went into a clinch with the colored boxer, and managed to last the rest of the round, mainly through clinching.

The next three times after that Sullivan was in a bad way. Gans landed terrific swings and blows to Sullivan's body and jaw, and they had a temporary telling effect.

However, good condition counted strong in favor of Sullivan. All the time Gans was punching, Sullivan managed to get in several stiff wallops, and they seemed to take all the finger out of the champion.

After the eleventh round, it was manifest that Gans had shot his bolt. Sullivan waded in and slammed his opponent all around the ring. He landed the colored man's head with fierce straight jolts, and completely upset his equilibrium.

FORCED GANS TO CLINCH.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, Sullivan had Gans holding on for dear life. No sooner were they separated than Gans would rush in and clinch with the Bostonian. Gans' tactics alone saved him from the ignominy of a knockout.

Sullivan gave Gans a worse beating than Jimmy Britt did last year. Sullivan's blows had more steam in them than those of the little pride of the Golden Gate.

It was evident to every fight fan in the house that had the contest gone but three rounds longer, Gans would have been shown down and out.

Sullivan's work was commended on all sides, and local fighting men agreed that he is a logical opponent for Battling Nelson.

Fight by Rounds

Gans Knocks Sullivan Down.

ROUND 1—Both men moved cautiously about the ring watching for an opening. Sullivan lunged forward and landed a right to Gans's head. Gans reached the blow off and crossed his left to Sullivan's jaw, sending the Bostonian down for the count of two. Sullivan quickly recuperated and rushed Gans about the ring.

Switching his left over to Gans's face, Sullivan side-stepped a vicious uppercut and landed a terrific jab to Gans's stomach. Gans retaliated with a stinging blow to Sullivan's neck and the men came to a clinch. A fierce exchange of blows ensued and in the mix-up Gans swung over a savage right to Sullivan's face. Both fought gamely and watched for an opening to land a telling blow. Gans appeared to have the better of the round.

Blows By Each Terrific.

ROUND 2—They glided about the ring, sizing each other up and looking for a chance to drive. Gans shot a right swing to Sullivan's nose which started the claret flowing. Sullivan became more leary and moved about the ring. Gans following and feinting for securing an opportunity to reach his jaw. Sullivan sprang forward and landed a stinging blow on Gans's neck. Gans stepped in and endeavored to shoot an uppercut. Sullivan sprang back and crossed his right to Gans's left eye. Gans rushed and they clinched. Both fought fiercely and the blows delivered by both were terrific. Gans broke ground, but suddenly sprang toward Sullivan and rushed him to the ropes, landing a vicious jab to his jaw. Sullivan slipped out of the corner and backed about the ring with Gans following, landing light taps on body and face. Sullivan showed evident signs of weakening. Gans rushed him and shot a terrific left to stomach. Gans was the aggressor throughout the round and in the mix-up at the close of the round had Sullivan on the ropes.

Both Cool and Collected.

ROUND 3—Sullivan glided to the centre of the ring and endeavored to rush Gans. Gans met him in the rushes and landed repeatedly on his jaw. Sullivan covered up and broke ground. Gans followed up his advantage and swung a savage blow to Sullivan's face which staggered him. Sullivan parried and feinted and watched for an opening. Both came together with a rush and clinched. Both tried to land in the breakaway. Sullivan whipped over a savage left to Gans's stomach, which caused the colored man to cover up. Sullivan followed with several well-directed blows to the body. Sullivan rushed Gans and landed to head and body. Gans covered up and rushed to a clinch. Both cautious and looking for an opening. Both men cool and collected and fighting easily.

Sullivan Doubles Gans Up.

ROUND 4—Sullivan opened the round with a slashing left to Gans's stomach. He followed up quickly with a jab to the jaw, which caused Gans to retreat to the corner of the ring. Sullivan was after him with a rush and endeavored to reach his jaw with a right swing. Gans ducked and shot in a left uppercut that rocked Sullivan's head. Gans smashed a terrific right to Sullivan's face. Gans backed and moved about, watching for an opportunity to land. Sullivan suddenly lunged forward and switched over a left to Gans's stomach that doubled the colored boxer up. A fierce mix-up at the close of the round.

Round Savagely Fought.

ROUND 5—Sullivan forced the fight, and aimed a savage right swing at Sullivan's stomach, which was blocked. Sullivan came back with a terrific blow to Gans's jaw that sent the colored lad to his corner. Gans came back strong and shot an uppercut that sent Sullivan's head whirling. Gans switched his attack to Sullivan's stomach and had the latter nearly groggy. Both rushed to a clinch. When they broke, Gans shot a fierce left to Sullivan's nose, which he followed up with a thunderbolt blow to the stomach. Both fought savagely.

Gans's Eye in Trouble.

ROUND 6—Gans opened the round by springing Sullivan to the ropes. Sullivan broke ground and danced about the ring. Suddenly he sprang forward and landed a crushing blow to Gans's eye. The eye began to swell and caused Gans much trouble. Sullivan rushed Gans to the ropes and endeavored to land on his kidneys. Gans shifted and swung a terrific right to Sullivan's jaw. Sullivan smiled and then backed away and showed obvious signs of pain. Gans rushed him about the ring and Sullivan met his rushes with straight right and left drives. Sullivan did good work toward the last of the round.

Men Clinched and Hugged.

ROUND 7—Both men came up strong and went at it hammer and tongs. Sullivan whipped a left to Gans's jaw. Gans retaliated with a savage jab to Sullivan's neck. Both clinched and hugged while the referee had difficulty in separating them. Gans shot his left over and landed a stinging right over Sullivan's heart.

Sullivan Rocks Gans's Head.

ROUND 8—Both men rushed to the centre of the ring and swung wildly. A clinch followed and no harm was done. Gans jabbed Sullivan in the stomach and crossed his right to jaw in the getaway. Sullivan blocked beautifully, and a number of Gans's blows were lost. Sullivan suddenly shot a savage uppercut to Gans's chin that rocked the colored boy's head. Both mixed it up fiercely and landed some good blows.

Gans Has Sullivan Groggy.

ROUND 9—Both were well worked up, and sprang to the centre of the ring with evident intentions of sending one to the mat. Gans switched his right to Sullivan's jaw and, the latter ducking, side-stepped and dashed at Gans with a wicked jab to the stomach. Both fought madly and endeavored to land with wild swings. Sullivan seemed to be losing ground and had great difficulty in landing. Gans, who covered his left and sent a crashing right to Sullivan's jaw that made the Bostonian groggy. Sullivan rushed to a clinch and held on until the referee broke. He soon showed recuperative powers and came back strong, landing right and left swings on Gans's head and shoulders. Toward the last of the round Sullivan looked all in, and Gans was chasing him about the ring with wicked blows to the body.

Sullivan Closes Gans's Eye.

ROUND 10—Sullivan sprang out of his corner with the top of the ring and sent a crashing left to Gans's eye which completely closed the member. Gans became enraged and rushed Sullivan, who met his rushes and gave blows for those received. Sullivan had the better of the round.

Gans's Blows Lose Steam.

ROUND 12—Both were tired, although Gans looked the weaker of the two. Gans switched his right over to Sullivan's jaw, but the force of the blow was too light to do any damage. Sullivan sprang at Gans with a rush and landed fiercely on his body and head. Gans covered up and broke ground. Sullivan forced him around the ring, landing two blows to his one. Gans was worried and continuously covered up his injured eye. Sullivan landed an uppercut and both clinched. Gans took a turn for the better and came back strong, landing some fierce blows to Sullivan's kidneys. Sullivan was weak and hung on. At the finish of the round Sullivan was against the ropes and Gans landing terrific blows to his body.

Sullivan Lands at Will.

ROUND 12—Both men moved about cautiously and watched for an opening. Gans showed evident signs of worry and weakness. Sullivan sprang at the colored boxer and landed a savage blow on his neck. This was followed up with terrific jabs to the stomach, which caused Gans to cover up. Both men were fighting fiercely. Sullivan was the aggressor and rushed the black man about the ring, landing almost at will. Gans was worried and endeavored to cover up, but Sullivan was on top of him with a savage blow to the head. This was decidedly Sullivan's round.

Forces Gans All Over Ring.

ROUND 13—Sullivan sprang across the ring at the tap of the gong and before Gans realized it had landed a terrific right jab to his stomach. The blow evidently weakened Gans, for he moved about the ring with an effort. His blows were weak and had little, if any, force to them. Sullivan forced the colored man all over the ring. Gans made an attempt to swing on Sullivan's jaw, but his efforts were futile. Sullivan moved about cautiously and coolly and landed almost at will. Gans's blows were delivered with a great effort and the colored lad seemed to be suffering from the terrific pace. Sullivan had the better of the round.

Sullivan Forces Fighting.

ROUND 14—The men rushed at each other like enraged bulls and swung angrily. They came together with a crash and clinched. Gans was weak and hung on while Sullivan fought him off. Gans tried to reach the Bostonian's jaw with a right swing, but Sullivan easily ducked to safety. Gans was tired and weak and held on at the close of the round. Sullivan had forced the fighting from the tap of the gong.

Last Round All Sullivan's.

ROUND 15—Gans sprang from his corner like a tiger and dashed over toward Sullivan. When the two men came together Gans aimed a vicious left at Sullivan's jaw, but the latter easily parried and sprang away. Sullivan followed up with a jab to Gans's stomach that doubled the colored man wince. Gans tried to evade punishment by hanging on, but Sullivan pushed him from him and smashed him a terrific blow on the point of the jaw. Gans again rushed to a clinch and endeavored to do some effective work with short jabs. Sullivan kept pounding away at Gans's face and his left eye and cheek greatly swollen. Gans was fast losing strength and hung on desperately while Sullivan fought back fiercely. Sullivan had the best of the round.

BACK TO THE TRACK.

Frank M. Brunner, formerly connected with the Associated Press, has been appointed street commissioner in the employ of the Western Pacing Association of Oakland, Cal. His appointment is due mainly to the efforts of the New York State Senator, Timothy D. Sullivan. Brunner is a Westerner and a resident of Del Monte, Cal.—New York Morning Telegraph.

ATHLETICS TO FACE 'OLD CY' IN LAST GAME

BATTING ORDER.

BOSTON.	PHILADELPHIA.
Burkett, l.f.	Harmon, l.f.
Parent, s.s.	Hoffman, c.f.
Stahl, c.f.	Davis, 1b.
Collins, 2b.	L. Cross, 3b.
Freeman, r.f.	Seybold, r.f.
Grimshaw, 1b.	Murphy, 2b.
Ferris, 2b.	M. Cross, s.s.
Criger, c.	Schreck, c.
Young, p.	Henley, p.

Umpires—McCarthy and Hurst.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Philadelphia	85	48	.639
Chicago	74	62	.587
Cleveland	71	63	.523
New York	69	69	.500
Boston	67	69	.493
Detroit	65	75	.464
Washington	58	83	.410
St. Louis	53	87	.379

ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
BOSTON	90	59	.615
New York	87	59	.596
Chicago	78	68	.534
Philadelphia	73	73	.500
Cleveland	64	82	.438
St. Louis	54	73	.425
Detroit	54	77	.414
Washington	51	98	.239

GAMES SCHEDULED TO-DAY.

Boston at Philadelphia.
Washington at New York.
St. Louis at Chicago.
Cleveland at Detroit.

GAMES YESTERDAY.

At Philadelphia—First game, Philadelphia, 6; Boston, 5. Second game, Philadelphia, 8; Boston, 4.
At New York—Washington, 6; New York, 2.
At Chicago—St. Louis, 3; Chicago, 2 (10 innings).

Special to the Boston American.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16.—Actual vs. possible future champions in theory, the Athletics and the Boston Americans have shown in their playing this season that they are champions of the diamond worthy of the name. Following their remarkable series, recently played in Boston, the present series in which each team has won two games, will depend entirely upon the result of to-day's final contest between the two teams. Of the first two individual games, each team secured a victory.

In a double-header, the Athletics won the first, Boston the second, each by the narrow margin of one run decided in both instances in the ninth inning.

Final Game Decides Series.

The final game will decide the series, one way or the other. It is up to "Cy" Young to win the rubber for Boston. Manager Collins showed the worth of headwork when he decided to pitch Hughes in the second half of the double-header against Bender, thus reserving the veteran for the final test.

It is growing too close for Connie Mack to take any chances. As it is, the two defeats by Boston have lessened considerably the chances of the White Elephants so far as the American League pennant is concerned.

The Champions certainly have proved to be our hoodoo," was Connie Mack's assertion to-day. Something or other, when these two teams meet something sensational is sure to happen. In all the contests we have played thus far it has been up and neck all the way, each team being determined only at the finish or else necessitating an extra inning game.

Asked as to the probable pitcher for the final game, Connie Mack was reluctant, or, more properly speaking, secretive, as to name who would oppose "Cy" Young. As a matter of fact, the keeper of the White Elephants was in a very tight place. The logical opponent of "Cy" Young, the hero of the twenty-inning game in Boston, Rube Waddell, was laid up with a sore shoulder. Notwithstanding this fact and the announcement that he would not play for several days, the Rube, if necessary, would have replaced Dygert in the second half of the double-header.

No one knows, however, better than Connie Mack how useless it would be to work the erratic Rube if he was not exactly in condition.

Henley's Turn to Pitch.

As it is, it is Henley's turn to pitch, not counting on Waddell, who has practically been on the retired list for several days. At the same time the wily Mack may decide upon Plank, his most reliable pitcher, to work overtime in an effort to win at any price.

GIANTS HERE FOR A DOUBLE-HEADER

BATTING ORDER.

BOSTON.	NEW YORK.
Abbaticchio, s.s.	Browne, r.f.
Dolan, 1b.	Dunlin, c.f.
Dolan, r.f.	Brashnahan, c.
Beaumont, l.f.	Merkle, 1.f.
Wolverton, 3b.	Dahlen, s.s.
Casnell, c.	Devlin, 3b.
Raub, 2b.	Strang, 2b.
Morris, c.	Bowerman, 1b.
Willis, p.	Nyles, p.

Umpire—Mah Murray.

Special to the Boston American.

SOUTH END GROUNDS, Boston, Sept. 16.—It was again clear and cool this afternoon, and this, combined with the fact that the league leaders, the New York Giants, were the opponents of the Tenney team was the cause of a big crowd turning out, despite the fact that the weather man was very stingy in his deliverance of the sun goods.

It was expected that at any moment the dark, heavy clouds would give away to rain, and umbrellas and raincoats were very much in evidence throughout the afternoon.

The Giants arrived in town early this morning, according to Manager McGraw, would walk off with both games of the double-header. Captain Fred Tenney, however, deped modest personality, and couldn't see anything worse than an even break for his team, with his two star pitchers, Vic Willis and "Little Cy" Young in the box.

McGraw intended to work Taylor and

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	92	47	.662
Pittsburg	77	59	.566
Chicago	77	62	.554
Philadelphia	71	70	.546
Cincinnati	63	77	.450
St. Louis	54	81	.391
BOSTON	47	90	.343
Brooklyn	39	99	.302

ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	97	52	.651
Chicago	92	56	.622
Pittsburg	77	72	.501
Philadelphia	72	77	.466
St. Louis	65	85	.500
Brooklyn	61	89	.407
BOSTON	46	85	.351
Philadelphia	50	93	.295

GAMES SCHEDULED TO-DAY.

New York at Boston (two games).
Philadelphia at Brooklyn.
Chicago at St. Louis.
Pittsburg at Cincinnati.

GAMES YESTERDAY.

At Boston—Philadelphia, 4; Boston, 2.
At Brooklyn—At Chicago, 7; Chicago, 2.
At Cincinnati—Pittsburg, 9; Cincinnati, 7.

First Picture of Nelson's Great Fight with Britt

The BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN will to-morrow print the first pictures of Battling Nelson's great fight with Jimmy Britt at Colma, Cal., last Saturday. These pictures were taken at the ringside during the battling and show the scene just after the final punch of Nelson's and other interesting events of the bout.

GEORGE DIXON IS LIKELY TO BEAT MURPHY

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Many New Yorkers are going to Philadelphia to see the six-round bout between George Dixon and Tommy Murphy of Harlem, the latter part of which is on Thursday. Those who admire Dixon because of his past greatness will want to see just how much he exchanges plan has retrograded, and also how much of a pugilist Murphy really is. "The Little Chocolate," as Dixon is familiarly known to the public, is one of the few champions who never was mixed up in a fake article. He certainly has a friend in Tex Rickard, who, Dixon is thirty-five years old, while Murphy is still in his twenties.

In point of cleverness Murphy cannot compare with the ex-featherweight champion. But he has youth on his side, and fingers know that an advantage like that for this is in the prize ring. A good showing with Dixon will do a lot toward aiding Murphy's future. If he does well no one will be surprised to see him be placed before the public as a candidate for featherweight championship honors. This ring is one that is without a representative here. If Dixon is successful against Murphy the latter will are he will be matched with Attell for top title. It would not surprise the sports if he defeated both Attell and Murphy.

NIAGARA IV LOST TO TARANTULA

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—W. K. Vanderbilt's turbine yacht Tarantula won from Howard Gould's steam yacht Niagara IV. in a race over a forty-mile course for a $5,000 purse on Long Island sound. The start was made from Crane Neck at 12:45 p. m., both yachts being in fine racing trim.

The race was a return contest arranged by the owners of the boats, the Niagara having defeated the Tarantula September 28, but over a similar race over a course of thirty-nine miles, on the sound, by 5m. 50s.

RACES ON SPEEDWAY

The following races will take place at 2 p. m. to-day on the Franklin Field Speedway under the auspices of the Burchester Gentlemen's Driving Club:

Class 1—Jockey for Wilkes, b. g. S. Wolfson; Rob B., b. g. M. A. Nevins.

Class B, trotting—Miss Bella, m., H. D. Van Nagner; Rex, b. g., Albert Folsom.

Class C, pacing—Jockey for Wilkes, ch. g., A. S. Dunbar; Mulligan, blk. g., C. C. Blaney.

Class D, trotting—Jockey for Wilkes, b. g., W. Linen; Charley, b. g., Albert Folsom.

Class E, mixed—Peggy B., b. g., F. L. Robbins; Good Boy, b. g., T. N. Berry.

BRADLEY WILL QUIT DIAMOND

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 16.—Bill Bradley, for five years known as the sporting world as "The King of Third Basemen," has finally decided to give up baseball.

"This is my last season," said Bradley yesterday. "Seven years in the big leagues has been sufficient for me to pile up a comfortable little bundle of money, and now I'm going to settle down."

SIMPLEX'S GOOD TIME.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—The little thirty-horsepower automobile boat Simplex proved herself the smartest thing on the Hudson River by running from West Ninety-seventh street to Poughkeepsie, 1.45 knots, in 7 hours 27 minutes 53 seconds.

REID DISAPPOINTED AT HARVARD

CRIMSON COACH FINDS DEARTH OF MATERIAL AT SOLDIERS' FIELD.

In the first authentic interview given out by him this year, Coach Reid of the Harvard football team said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter:

"I am greatly disappointed in the size of Captain Hurley's squad. Of the 291 men ordered to report the first day only fifty put in appearance. Since then only ten more candidates have come out.

"There is a great dearth of big men for the line positions who can do more than carry their own weight. I have also yet to see a suitable timber for the end and fullback positions that must be filled. There is now but one man on the squad who has even a portion of the necessary qualifications for fullback.

"In comparison with the material at hand at Yale and Pennsylvania, that at Harvard this year is but poor."

Statement a Surprise.

This frankly pessimistic statement in the mouth of the Harvard coach casts a decidedly different hue over the situation at Cambridge, which in the minds of those who have been watching the Harvard squad work for the past three days on Soldiers Field had already assumed a decidedly roseate hue. The truth of the matter is that observers of the Crimson squad since last Wednesday have been so thoroughly impressed by the snap and brain that Reid has displayed in the management of the half hundred men who have been working about Soldiers Field, that they have forgotten that it takes more than a coach to make a championship eleven.

Montgomery, the only veteran end on the Harvard field, is too heavy to run at the speed necessary for a good end. In addition to this he has to go about with his knee in a steel casing to keep it in place. The only other man who now bears even some of the earmarks of a good end rush, Hall, weighs only 155 pounds. In the line Reid still has the only two men who have real varsity material in them and who have had varsity experience, Pierce gives promise from his appearance but lacks experience. Cunliff, Barney and Waite carry so much weight that it is in their way. Waite, who was from Exeter, weighed only about 175 last year, which is too light to face such a man as Forbes, the old Amherst man, who will play for Yale this year.

Starr Looks Good.

Back of the line Starr looks as though he ought to be of use to Reid this year, especially with his experience of last year's squad, although not a star player, but his work last year and the year before was disappointing. Outside of these two men there seems to be no one in sight yet to fill either quarter or full.

Reid has lost several good men this year whom he expects to use this Fall. Talbot, the big freshman who was flunked out of college, as was also Preston Upham, the Exeter halfback, are among the missing men that Reid had. Bob Pope, a promising end man, has been operated upon for appendicitis, as has also Kernan, the quarter on the second team last year, who had a very good chance to beat Starr out for the position. Captain Reynolds has been too lame to game through a torn cartilage in the knee, and Dick Speers, the most reliable punter on the team, has not been able to return to college.

Yesterday's practice on Soldiers Field was uneventful except for the appearance of H. H. Squires, last year's tackle, and O'Brien, the freshman from Roxbury Latin School. Squires is weighing ten pounds less than he was last year. O'Brien is a big strong man, who has speed but is very green at the game of football. He seems to have chances in him, however.

HANOVER ELEVEN MAKES A POOR INITIAL SHOWING

HANOVER, N. H., Sept. 16.—If the old adage about a poor beginning being ominous of a good ending, Dartmouth should close her football season in a burst of glory. As yet only a few men have reported for the preliminary practice, and no freshmen have donned the football togs, although several candidates are in town. Bernie Couch Folsom has been rooming to his room by illness since Wednesday. First Assistant Coach Myron William has not yet arrived. Captain Mahi has been detained by business, but is expected in a day or two.

Yesterday afternoon Assistant Coach Gilman took out a meager squad, composed of Hix, last year's basket ball captain; Hathaway, out to-day for the first time as a varsity candidate; Storrs and Smith, of last year's sophomore team, and M. Devir, a substitute quarterback of last year's eleven.

KINEON WON'T BE BACK ON YALE ELEVEN

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 16. Yale's football coaches expected that it would be possible at the practice this afternoon, the third of the season, to form a couple of teams and try a signal rehearsal of simple plays. A total of about forty men are here, an even larger number than was summoned to report next Monday but the lack of heavy men is pronounced.

Not a 200-pounder has shown up except Perry Heaton of the fourth eleven last Fall.

The statement was made to-day that Jim Kineon, Yale's excellent tackle of last season, had decided not to return to the university for next year. Kineon was a striking opponent as a halfback and was captain of the gun club. It was stated that he had decided to go into business instead of returning to Yale. He was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school last June, but his friends when he went to his home in Cincinnati had hoped he would play football as a graduate work.

Coach Mike Reid, son of Ambassador to Great Britain Whitelaw Reid, is an addition to the candidates for end. He left Great Britain three weeks ago to join the Yale squad. He is fast and strong, but lacks experience in details of the game.

Mock is expected from Wyoming, the Hill School halfback. He made his first appearance at the practice yesterday and is speedy and powerful. He will enter Yale next week.

The return of Carl Flanders, the guard of last year, was welcome. Flanders is one of the heaviest members of the squad. The scarcity of centre rush candidates has rather forced coaches to try him at centre. His lore of the freshman eleven last year has just joined the squad. He will be tried at guard.

Linn, the crack freshman halfback last year, is another new recruit for the eleven.

John Mack, the new trainer, assisted in the coaching yesterday, showing the backs how to start properly. He will regularly assist the coaching staff.

In the patching of the ends yesterday "Buck" Starr, formerly of Andover, was paired with Captain Shevlin. They are likely to be the regular Yale pair this Fall.

The two sets of backs yesterday were Morse, Jones and Veeder, first, and Roome, Stevenson and Wernicken, second.

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Boston American Daily Home Magazine

What Higher Education for Women Means

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

At nearly all of the women's congresses and conventions so far held this season the one all-engrossing topic has been that of the "Higher Education for Women."

Into the various discussions many of the most prominent women of the land have entered with admirable zest, and while there has been some difference of opinion as to details, the various speakers are quite unanimous in agreeing that the Higher Education is a most excellent thing.

Now, it would be extremely ungrateful in me to intimate that the aforesaid prominent women do not understand their business. It is possible, if not probable, that they understand that business a great deal better than I do, and in the spirit of a true chivalry I would simply beg the privilege of offering a suggestion.

Before doing so, however, I must confess to a certain haziness on the subject. It is not quite clear to my mind as to what the women mean by the "Higher Education."

By reference to the reports of the various congresses and conferences I find that, in the opinion of many of the fair speakers, the education in question has to do with the matters that are "far beyond the sphere of the home."

Further reference to the reports reveals such expressions as "the broad culture which frees woman from the narrowness of household cares," and "the dwarfing commonplace of domestic toil as contrasted with the larger field of the woman who is emancipated."

This may be all right, but I would not be honest with my reader or myself if I did not say that to me it seems to be just a bit suspicious.

For a long time we have been hearing it said that "charity begins at home," and I am more than half inclined to believe that practically every other virtue of man or woman begins at, or close around, about the same place.

This much, at any rate, may be said, unreservedly and with emphasis, that, if the home is what it ought to be, the things that are "far beyond the sphere of the home" will take care of themselves.

On the other hand, if the home ceases to be what it should be, if the "broad culture" results in making the wives and mothers of the land so sick of the "narrowness of household cares" that they shall forget all about the home duties, then it is as plain as can be that the deluge is upon us!

It does no woman harm to know all about Pericles and Aspasia, the nebular hypothesis and the "Origin of Species," and to be thoroughly posted upon and interested in affairs national and international; but if this broader education and enlarged activity cause the woman to become weary of the homely domesticities, which have always been the centrifugal force in human society and the very mainspring, as it were, of human progress, then it is all over with us, and we can only exclaim with King Pyrrhus: "One more such victory, and we are undone!"

With the mothers running around palavering about the "Higher Education," and the fathers at the club discussing politics or playing poker and drinking "highballs," the home is in a fair way of becoming defunct.

To get directly down to the pith of the matter, I would say that, in my opinion, the "Higher Education," for man or for woman, is the education which calls for the higher qualities, which qualities, in man and woman alike, are love, patience, self-sacrifice, moral cleanliness and a rock-ribbed devotion to the home.

I do not hesitate to give it as my honest opinion that, between the woman who spends her time attending to the unborn generations and the woman who devotes her energies to the making of a clean, happy home for herself, her husband and her children, the latter comes a great deal nearer having the "Higher Education."

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS FROM EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

One Hint from the Paris Fashions Has Solved the Perplexing Problem of How to Have My Dress Made. There Are Many Women to Whom This Subject Is More Important Than the Peace of Portsmouth.

—Extract from Letter of a Woman Reader.

Costume of White Cloth, Garnished with Embroidery, with Belt of Moss Green Liberty Satin

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The Stenographer Pities the Disconsolate Summer Girls

By Dorothy Dix

"I HAVE just returned from my Summer vacation," said the Stenographer, "and I have called the memory of it down in brine."

"Why the weep?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"Because," returned the Stenographer, "I was an eye witness to the desolation of the Summer girl in a beauteous land, and if there is anything more piteous I hope never to behold it. I don't know why anybody is a whit more sympathy on the starving Indians, or the persecuted Jews, or the imprisoned Russians, or any other sufferer, when you've got the poor Summer girl right in our midst, as it were.

"She's got the first call on our compassion, and she gets mine in great, solid slabs.

"I've been staying in a big hotel at a fashionable resort, where there were three hundred girls—pretty girls, nice girls, well-bred girls, well-educated girls, with trunks full of fine clothes and pugs with wads of the long green that they were willing to burn to give their daughters a good time—but there was nothing doing.

"You can't give a Summer girl a good time without a man on the scene, and at this particular hotel there were only ten men, including a senile grandpa and a patent-fond baby. Do you get the pathos of the ratio? What's ten to three hundred? Doesn't it figure out blighting disappointment?"

Regular Cinch

"WHEW!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper, "it must have been a cinch for the ten. They sure were a circle-de-turnstile."

"They were," agreed the Stenographer, "the pursuit of them was something fierce, and I must say the way the mammas rose to the occasion and tried to get 'em into their fold by giving champagne suppers and hay rides, and so on, increased my respect for the American woman.

"When she puts her mind on it she can give a British matron cards and points and about sittings in wire pulling, and beat her at an honest man and have a home and children of her own.

The unmarried woman manages to extract a fair amount of comfort out of life.

She snuggles down into her old maid's corner, surrounded by coziness, neatness and comfort.

But the old bachelor is a sight for gods and men. He is forlornity personified.

Personally, I think the young men of Plainfield are playing a very foxy game.

Evidently they were not sufficiently appreciated by the fair sex and have taken this method of raising their stock above par.

The mere fact that they have pledged themselves not to wed will drive them headlong into matrimony.

Protected by their laws and their bylaws and committee, they will run all sorts of risks and before they know it they will be hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Cupid's net.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

YES, IT WOULD

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am employed as a stenographer and typewriter in a large concern. In a company near me a young man is employed, and although I do not know him I am very much in love with him. A friend of mine told me that he is a teacher who is earning extra money in his vacation time and will soon leave to teach again. I wish to make his acquaintance, but know of no one who knows him so as to get an introduction. Would it be wrong for me to write to him a letter asking him to call an introduction to me?

HELEN B.

IT would be a great mistake on your part. He would think it very strange if you wrote to him. You cannot be very much in love with a man whom you do not know. If he is anxious to meet you he will find some way of doing so.

IN DOLEFUL PLIGHT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young girl seventeen years of age and am in love with a young man one year my senior. I see him every evening, but I have never showed him that I love him as dearly as I do, and I think he equally loves me in return. The trouble is, I do not know how to confess my love to him and I think he is too backward in telling me of his love. Can you advise me how to go about this matter? I know him about eight or nine months and never appreciated his friendship until here of late.

F. D.

MY dear, the only advice I can give you is to treat the young man decidedly and let him see that you enjoy being with him. When your conversation takes a personal turn do not encourage the subject and frighten him away. That is all you can do, and if he has not the courage to come forward and declare himself he is not much of a man.

Hints on Health and Beauty

By the Professor

DEAR PROFESSOR:
What would you advise me to do for rough lips? LOTTA W. G.

A GOOD lip salve is a handy thing to have around the house for occasional use, and I am glad to give you a recipe that I feel sure you will find effective. You can easily mix it yourself, using the following ingredients:

White wax, ¼ ounce.
Spermaceti, ¼ ounce.
Flower of benzoin, 15 grains.
Oil of almonds, ½ ounce.

Melt these together in a jar placed in a pan of boiling water. When melted, stir until cool. By coloring it red with alkanet-root it will be found that this will give a fascinating color to your lips as well as healing them.

DEAR PROFESSOR:
Will you would give me the recipe for what is called a paste mark for preserving and softening the skin.

A. G. B.

A RECIPE for a paste mark that I have recommended before and which I have no reason to believe proved otherwise than effective is the following:

Sifted barley flour ..... 3 ounces
White of an egg, beaten.
1 tablespoonful
A pinch of boracic (boric) acid.

Apply this paste to the face and then cover with soft cheese cloth. Apply every other night. Wash it off with tepid water and then massage the face with cold cream.

SCARLET LIES

CHAPTER CLX.—Continued

AVERY short time after George had left her Armstrong returned. He was accompanied by Dick Menzies. The millionaire looked troubled. The nightmare dread that had been hanging over him so long was beginning to tell upon him. He had aged terribly, and people were beginning to notice it.

Darch's Last Shot.

As a matter of fact, that very morning he had received a cable, couched in unmistakable terms, from Morley Darch in Paris.

In effect Morley Darch said: "I give you forty-eight hours to decide. I am desperate and quite prepared to risk everything. Unless I receive your answer to this ultimatum within forty-eight hours from the receipt of this I shall carry out my oft-repeated threats."

"The man is as mad as a hatter!" was Dick Menzies's comment, when the Soap King showed him Darch's letter; but Dick was a born philosopher, and also he wanted to cheer up the despondent Armstrong.

Armstrong, however, was past artificial comfort of this sort. Darch might be mad or sane; after all, it made very little difference. One thing was certain—Darch possessed a secret that would ruin him.

A madman in possession of a loaded gun is not necessarily safer than a man in his senses. Rather the contrary. He told Dick Menzies so. Dick stuck to his point of view.

"I tell you what I'll do, sir. If you like, I'll go over to Paris and settle him myself."

But Armstrong shook his head. He had become completely fatalistic.

"Then," said Dick Menzies, "tell Gerrard to go straight ahead and risk everything."

That appealed to the Soap King more than the other proposal. Still he hesitated. It was like being called upon to exercise himself. While there was life there was hope, and though the grain of hope to which Armstrong clung was like the straw to the drowning man, he clung to it with the less.

Hurriedly had they entered the house than they were met by Mary.

Her face was flushed with excitement. Dick saw at a glance that she had great news.

"Mary, what is it?" he asked.

"Stephen is alive," she gasped, "and—and—"

And then she told them everything.

Dick knew what it meant to him—knew that his dream of life and love and happiness was over, but he took his fate like the man he was. He smiled bravely, and shook her hand.

A Brave Man.

"I am glad," he said—"so glad, for your sake, Mary!"

His voice sounded a little hoarse and broken, in that short sentence he elliptically cated his rights and gave up his future.

Neither Armstrong nor Mary realized what the good news meant to Menzies. It was just as well. Dick Menzies had no desire to parade his soul before the world. He preferred to take his defeat in silence, and to keep the innermost secrets of his heart to himself.

"Look here," he said, after Mary had fully explained everything, "you, sir, can rest assured that Mr. Morley Darch, when he learns this news, will be very chary about doing anything."

"Except from sheer revenge," groaned Armstrong.

"I very much doubt that, sir," answered Dick Menzies, "I've always told you that I do not think Mr. Morley Darch is a man to throw away his life for revenge. Still, I think I can settle his hash now by a talk with Gerrard."

Armstrong wrung the young soldier's hand warmly.

"You're a brick!" he said huskily.

And never did Robert Armstrong say a truer word. Dick Menzies was a brick in every sense of the word.

As hour afterward Dick Menzies was closeted with the detective Gerrard.

"I am going to Paris to see Mr. Morley Darch," said Dick Menzies.

"In which case," said Gerrard, "I propose to accompany you, to assist you, and, if necessary, to arrest Mr. Morley Darch."

"As you like," retorted Dick grimly. "In for a penny, in for a pound."

"I happen to know," said Gerrard, "several things which you and Mr. Armstrong are ignorant of, and not the least important of those is that Mr. Darch is already a married man."

"A married man?" gasped Dick, incredulously.

Darch Married.

"Darch married? And yet he—he is doing all he can to persuade Armstrong to let him marry his daughter!"

Gerrard nodded.

"As a matter of fact," said the detective, "the lady we know as Miss Judith Mort is really Mrs. Morley Darch. She is the man's wife. They are, as they have been for some years past, accomplices in several pretty daring schemes. But for an accident, Judith Mort, from all I can hear, might have married Stephen Holland; and—well, you yourself, sir, know how near a thing it has been for Darch and Miss Armstrong.

"But this is simply monstrous—inconceivable! Are you sure?"

"As sure as I can be with a marriage certificate and several witnesses," answered Gerrard. "For the discovery of this I must, in common fairness, give credit to my friend Stephen Holland."

"This puts quite a new complexion on the case of affairs."

Gerrard nodded.

"It was a lucky point of wiring you—or rather, Mr. Armstrong—when you called."

Dick could almost have shouted for joy, but Gerrard soon brought him down to the prosaic level of business again.

"There is the very serious question still unanswered," he said; "and that is—who killed the late Judge Holland?"

A Black Outlook.

Dick looked grave. It was a serious question, he knew well enough.

"You must not forget," continued Gerrard, "that there are very serious suspicions attaching to the young man we know as Stephen Holland. In justice to you, as his friend, and to Mr. Armstrong, I must say that I consider, in the face of his wholly inconsiderable attitude in pretending to have committed suicide, or to have been murdered, that his position is very difficult. Do you know what happened last Christmas?"

"No," said Dick Menzies.

In a few words Gerrard told the young man and Dick grew much graver.

"Thus, you see, sir," said Gerrard, "the authorities, the press and the public are justified in demanding some sort of investigation of such wholly incomprehensible behavior."

"I am sure that Karl Karoff—"

"Karl Karoff has absolutely disappeared off the face of the globe, as far as we are concerned, and, mark you, almost entirely owing to the instrumentality of—well, of Stephen Holland. That's just the situation.

"Can Mrs. Holland give you no help?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The final instalment of "Scarlet Lies" will be printed in Tomorrow's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

By X and Z, Authors of Married to Mystery

HOUSEKEEPING HELPS

LEMON is an excellent thing to polish the nails with.

Charcoal placed in the box where cutlery is kept will prevent rust.

Floor boards can be whitened by scrubbing with a mixture consisting of one part lime, two parts soft soap and three parts of sand.

Drive away flies by mixing half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cream and placing it on a plate in a prominent position.

When papering a room remember that large patterns and dark colors will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper, if a light hue, will give an impression of an increased size.

Prunes should be allowed to boil slowly for two or three hours, adding a little sugar half an hour before taking from the fire. Prunes are the most healthful of fruits when properly cooked.

When stitching thin silk or any goods inclined to pucker, place a strip of paper on the under side and stitch through. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seam free of any inclination to pucker.

When cooking fruit if sugar is added afterward less will be required.

Pouch eggs in a ball by beating the water to boiling point, then stir rapidly till a small whirlpool is produced. In the hollow thus formed drop the eggs quickly.

For needlebooks, flannel should not be used as it is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles. A piece of fine linen or chamois leather is better.

The marks of matches on white paint can be removed by rubbing with cut lemon, then with a damp cloth dipped in powdered whiting. Rinse with cold water and wipe dry with soft cloths.

Enamelled ware may be perfectly restored by the careful use of finely powdered pumice-stone. A few drops of ammonia in a pail of water will perform the ordinary cleansing without resorting to the scouring.

Hearst's Boston American Pattern

A STURDY LITTLE SUIT

No. 2,919—The average small boy is as anxious to discard garments which bear any resemblance to skirts as his mother is to keep the two hid in becoming bilts. The pattern illustrated will satisfy the demands of both, combining as it does of full knickerbockers and a long blouse that can be worn with or without the removable shield. Brown serge was used with good effect in this case, but cheviot in tan, dark red or blue are suggested, while a wool mixture would undoubtedly serve to the young man's eyes as resembling the material used in his father's suits. Green linen, crash or denim will develop this pattern into an every-day suit. For a medium size two yards of material 36 inches wide are required.

Pattern No. 2,919 is cut in four sizes, from 2 to 8 years.

Send 10 cents to obtain this pattern, postpaid, and be sure, also, to send address to HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN DEPT., P. O. Box 239, Boston, Mass.

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2919

IN TOMORROW'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WOMEN

will be especially interested in some of the many illustrated features.

World-Famous Beauty Expert describes how to win back charms of clear skin and glossy hair after the Summer outings.

New Styles in Petticoats are presented by Mrs. Osborn, creator of fashions for the fashionable women of America.

The Crystal Wedding and how to celebrate it, is explained by MRS. LINDA HULL LARNED

Don't Fail to Order Your Boston Sunday American Early

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX Contributes a Notable Poem "THE ETERNAL WILL" Exclusively in Tomorrow's Boston SUNDAY AMERICAN

"CONVICT 99,"

THE STORY OF AN IRISH-AMERICAN PERSECUTED IN AN ENGLISH PRISON

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LAURENCE CRAIG, once a poor Lowell mill hand, but now the trusted confidential employe of Christopher Lucas, the rich London merchant, told beautiful Geraldine Lucas of his love on the night of the ball at Venton Court. A typical young Irish-American, whose own Irish pluck and perseverance had carried him so far from home, he was a man, on this night after the heart of any woman.

The next evening, when he called to learn his fate, he read the secret in her eyes and he told the story of his boyhood life in the Massachusetts mill town. With the blessing of Mr. Lucas, and the rich merchant's promise to make him a junior partner in the firm, the young man left Flinton Court with a light heart, almost too joyful to believe that it was not all a sort of "Arabian Nights" tale, that would fade with the morning.

He thought over his whole life of hard labor and struggling to reach the top, and remembered the little Larry Craig who played on the banks of the Merrimac. He could hardly believe that fourteen years of poverty, of kindness and successful toil, could be the same little lad whose father had been driven into exile because of his patriotism. But Irish blood and American pluck had nerved the battle.

And he looked up at the stars over the northern lights of London and was very happy.

But his bright dream of the happy future was suddenly broken when two detectives, armed with revolvers, forced him to accompany them to the nearest police station, where he was placed under arrest on the charge of having murdered Charles Kesteven, an accountant, who had been examining the books of Christopher Lucas & Co., and had discovered that some one had embezzled hundreds of pounds and made false entries to cover up the thefts.

At his trial the witnesses showed that Laurence had been in the same train with Kesteven, and the accountant had been found murdered alongside the railroad the morning after the ball at Venton Court, at which Laurence had asked his love for beautiful Geraldine Lucas.

The knife with which Kesteven had been killed was taken from Craig's desk in his office, where it had been used as a paper knife, and, in fact, the whole web of circumstantial evidence had been so closely woven about him that every one in the courtroom regarded him as doomed to the scaffold.

This picture shows Laurence Craig, who went to prison for love, in a desperate encounter with a detective.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

THE witness went on to say that after the death of his employer he had received instructions from Mr. Lucas to continue the examination of the books. Three days afterward he made his full statement of the accounts, showing that the defalcations occurred in the books which had been kept by the prisoner. There were marks of erasure in several instances in the money columns. Certain figures had been altered, with erasures which did not appear in the other books.

The books in question were produced in court for the inspection of the judge and the jury who appeared to agree as to the correctness of the witness's statements.

Mr. Christopher Lucas was then called.

"I have known the prisoner," he said, "for more than seven years. I trusted him as I would have trusted a son. I never suspected him of any wrong-doing. Indeed, so greatly did I honor his integrity that on the evening of February 16 last, in contemplation of his marriage with my daughter, I also promised to make him a partner in my business. Until the events occurred which have led to this trial, I knew absolutely nothing against him."

"Then these events have altered your opinion of the prisoner?"

With regard to the alleged embezzlements, yes."

"If you had known of them earlier, would you have permitted this engagement to your daughter?"

"I should have hesitated without proof of his innocence."

"Are you satisfied that the embezzlements referred to were the act of the prisoner?"

Mr. Lucas turned his eyes in the direction of the dock. Laurence Craig met them unflinchingly. But the facts were against him.

"I regret to say that, since examining the books, that is my impression."

The accused man recalled with an exclamation of dismay.

"On the evening of the ball at your house or on the evening following that one, did you observe anything unusual in the prisoner's demeanor?"

"Nothing beyond the very natural excitement of mind which a young man may be expected to exhibit on being accepted by the woman he loves. In other respects he was exactly as I had always known him."

The Crime

"On that second evening did the prisoner mention anything in your presence concerning the finding of the body of the deceased?"

"It was mentioned for an instant, but as my daughter was present I did not wish the subject to be pursued."

Angus MacIntyre was the next witness examined.

"On the afternoon in question," he said, "I started from Broad street by the 7:24 train. In the same carriage were two other passengers, who got out at Camden Town. From Camden Town to Gospel Oak there were the deceased gentleman, the prisoner and myself. I took no notice of what they were speaking about, but that it was something in their accounts that had gone wrong. There was nothing that might lead a body to suppose that there was any ill will between them. They sat in opposite corners of the platform side of the compartment."

"You swear that the prisoner was the man you saw?"

"Yes, he sat with his back to the engine. He was in a hurry to get out, and said: 'Oh, for my part, Geordie, was waiting for me with the carriage.'"

The identification of the body of the deceased at the time of the coroner's inquest, I think, and recognized it as that of the man who had sat in the same carriage with himself and the prisoner."

"Exactly—yes."

"In alighting from the train you had to pass between them?"

"Yes."

"Leaving them both in their seats?"

"To the best of my belief—but I did not turn to observe if either of them alighted."

Here Laurence Craig leaned forward as if about to speak, but a glance from his lawyer restrained him.

"This is an important point," said the counsel. "Do you swear that the prisoner did not get out at Gospel Oak?"

In the Net

"I cannot swear to what I do not know. I was one of the first to step upon the platform when the train stopped, and the first glance carriage being in the middle of the train, the pass gate was immediately opposite me. I was not on the platform more than about half a minute."

A ticket collector was then examined, and he stated that on the Wednesday in question, at 6:30 P. M., the prisoner, who was a season ticket holder, passed him at the station. He appeared in a hurry. The witness would probably not have noticed him on that evening but for the fact that the prisoner had arrived by an earlier train than was usual with him. He knew the prisoner well, as he had frequently talked with him.

The officer at the police station who had taken his pedigree on the night of Laurence Craig's arrest gave evidence to the effect that on asking the prisoner a few questions relative to the murder of which he was accused, the prisoner had stated emphatically that he had left the deceased alive and well in the railway carriage at Gospel oak station, and that his own purpose in leaving the carriage was to look for one of the others for a friend whom he believed to be in that same train. Not finding him before the train started, he had jumped back to a second-class carriage as the train began to move.

The police surgeon, in continuing his evidence, stated that in searching the prisoner he had found in the inside pocket of his overcoat a fragment of a white silk necktie.

The neck cloth was stained with blood and part of the article in the prisoner had been paled. He declared that he knew nothing about it, but refused to make any further explanation.

The fragment of silk was produced in court. The judge and jury examined it, and shook their heads wisely. It was identified by the next witness, the widow of the deceased, and, together with the cuff and the blood found on the floor of the railway carriage, it was declared by her to be the property of her late husband.

The neck cloth from which the fragment had been torn was then found.

Four other witnesses for the prosecution remained yet to be examined. These were a track walker, who had discovered the body of the murdered man; the surgeon who had made the post-mortem examination; a railway official, who deposed to having seen the blood upon the carriage footboard, and an office boy.

The Fatal Knife

The deceased had been found on the morning after the murder lying at the bottom of the railway embankment, midway between the two stations. The body was much shattered by the fall from the train. Sticking in the breast there was a large knife, the blade penetrating the left lung. The weapon was produced. It was observed that Laurence Craig was strangely agitated at the sight of it. He looked astonished, perplexed.

James Stubchcombe, an office boy in the employ of Mr. Christopher Lucas, was then called.

The examining counsel asked him to describe the desk in the private office of the employer.

"It was a mahogany desk, sir," said the boy, "with twisty twirly legs, and a shiny top for writing on—yer face in it, sir, and ink bottle and ever so many pens and pencils scattered about, sir."

"Can you describe the paper knife?"

"That was an ordinary paper-knife, though Mr. Craig he used it as such. If yo ask me, it were one of them there knives as cut yer read of in 'Daredevil Dick, or the Red Chief of the Rocky Nor' Sea.' You know, sir, don't yer?"

"Perhaps the c- -ans a bowie-knife," remark- -ered Judge.

"Yes," sa- -ness; "right you are, sir; a bowie- -. And Mr. Craig he see in one eye a- -steon 'James,' see he, 'you take a great interest in that knife of mine, seems.' 'Yes,' says I, 'it's a sculpin' knife, ain't it, sir?' I might be, sir, or I di'n't sharp enough.' So he told me it wasn't that at all, but only a sham one for use in a theatre."

"Would you recognize the knife if you saw it?"

"Look yerself the question! Didn't I late it in my hand every mornin' 'e it and dustin' like?"

The weapon was then handed to the witness, who took it in his hand and turned it over.

"That's the very knife," said he. Then in surprise: "Why, some one's bin sharpenin' it!"

Vickers's Story

"You swear to the fact that it was not in its present state when you last saw it?"

"I said I do, for the last time I seen it was on the day before the murder, when Mr. Vickers was in the manager's office. Mr. Vickers was talkin' to Mr. Craig about a letter I was goin' to take to the accountant's. And as he stood by the desk he held the knife in his two hands, and was resting his chin on the handle. The point of the knife was on the desk. Thinks I: 'It's a good thing the point of that knife ain't sharper, or it would cut a scratch on the desk, and who'd git the blime for damagin' the guv'nor's property. Why, I would."

"When did you miss this knife from its usual place on the prisoner's desk—"

"On the Wednesday afternoon, when I was puttin' away Mr. Craig's papers. Mr. Vickers was in the room at the time, copyin' a reference in the day-book, and told him the knife was gone, and he says, 'All right, James; no doubt Mr. Craig knows where it is. Look smart and put his books away.' And I left off to a party to-night and he'll be leath' early. Get the place cleared before I come back.'"

"The prisoner was then out at the accountants, you say? At what time did he return?"

"About 4 o'clock. Mr. Kesteven was with him, and they went away together. I didn't say anythin' more about the knife bein' missin', you see, Mr. Vickers bein' when he went out afterward told me not to bother myself."

"Did you see Mr. Vickers in the office again that evening?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMUSEMENTS.

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JACK HARKAWAY'S SON

A Story of Stirring Adventure, Afloat and Ashore, of a Brave Boy

By CAPTAIN RICHARD RUDD, Author of "WHO KILLED GERALD BROWN?"

FOR the second time within a brief few days we left young Jack Harkaway yesterday facing grim death at the end of a rope, with Hunston, the arch-enemy, above, waiting with poised knife to cut the strands that held his boy persecutor to life. Surely there could be no escape, for the big airship bore him swiftly farther and farther from ground, and death seemed sure and swift.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Fight on the Airship.

HUNSTON laughed a harsh, cruel laugh, and it was his undoing.

He had placed the knife between his teeth for safe keeping.

Like the crow who lost his meat to the fox by trying to sing, that laugh cost him a tremendous advantage.

The knife slipped from his teeth.

He seized it, but again overreached himself, for the keen blade cut into his fingers and the knife went whizzing past Jack, spattering him with the blood that had gushed from Hunston's fingers.

Jack was quick to make use of the turn of affairs in his favor.

Naturally strong, he found little difficulty in climbing the rope hand over hand, swinging in midair like a pendulum, while the airship rose higher and higher, he gained the edge of the car.

Hunston was waiting for him.

Jack felt that this would be the struggle of his life and nerved himself to meet it.

He was terribly exhausted by his climb, but he made ready to bring all his remaining strength into play.

As his hand grasped the wicker side of the car his enemy brought a controller lever down on it with a blow that almost crushed the fingers.

Jack held by the other hand. His head swam. He began to fear that he would faint with the pain.

Aboard the Car.

But his resolve not to be beaten while so near victory remained strong.

Steeling himself against the pain he grasped the basket again with his injured hand, and with a powerful pull on the other brought his head and shoulders to the level of Hunston's.

He expected a blow on the head that would stagger him.

But to his astonishment nothing of the sort happened.

Hunston stood looking, not at Jack, but out into space, with the far-away expression in his eyes of a man in a trance.

Jack quickly realized what had happened, even before the other fell back into the car.

Hunston had fainted from loss of blood. The boy lost no time in swarming into the car.

His first duty was to guard against another attack.

Of this there was no present danger.

The old man lay huddled in the bottom of the car in a dead faint.

Jack pulled the dangling rope into the car after him, and with a few swift turns bound the enemys hands and feet.

"I guess that will secure his harmless awhile," he muttered, and turned to look at the machinery.

The mechanism of the flying machine was very simple.

It was propelled by a small but very powerful gasoline engine, which was now whirling with the speed of an electric motor.

His quick eye discovering the controlling lever, Jack moderated the speed and then grasped the steering wheel, which was exactly like that of a small motor boat.

Within reach was a lever, the use of which was at first not clear, but which Jack soon guessed was the device for raising and lowering the machine.

Hunston Awakes.

A brief experiment with it showed him that he had guessed right.

Depressing the lever, he found, started the machine downward.

Raising it pointed her nose up in the air.

For a few minutes the boy raised or lowered the machine at will, taking a keen delight in the beauty of its mechanism and its obedience to the helm.

Behind him the big propeller whirred with a sound like the purring of some great cat.

The motor hummed and buzzed and the electric spark which exploded the gas in the cylinders snapped merrily.

Far below him was the Hudson, with the wooded hills above the Palisades on one side, and the smoky buildings of New York on the other.

Jack's pleasure in the new experience was so great that for a time he forgot that his position was exceedingly perilous.

Although he understood roughly the management of the machine his skill in directing it was necessarily very small.

Should any accident occur to the machinery he would be left helpless, and at Hunston's mercy.

And Jack did not have a great deal to hope from the mercy of such as Hunston.

"I must get back," he said, aloud, regarding his companion.

Hunston had come out of his faint.

"Would you mind binding my wound," he said coolly, "or would you rather bleeding me bleed to death and getting dashed to pieces for your pains. Don't you know that motor won't run at that rate very long."

"I've slowed it down," said Jack calmly. "I guess it will run till I get to land."

A Samaritan.

"However," he continued, "I don't mind binding up your wound, although you'll admit I ought not to."

"Oh, yes, I'll admit that cheerfully enough," said Hunston. "But I didn't think you'd let me die. It wouldn't be like you, Johnnie."

"I wouldn't trouble myself to be polite," said Jack. "I'll hand you over to the police when we land. I won't make any mistake this time."

Hunston was silent.

Jack took his handkerchief and carefully staunched the wound by binding it tightly above the wrist so as to cut off the flow of blood. He noticed that the injury had been gashed to the bone when Hunston caught at the knife.

He took care not to get within reach of the old man's hands, found though they were.

For, bound and wounded, Hunston was not a man with whom it was safe to take any chances.

"And now," said the latter, when the flow of blood had been stopped, "let us make terms."

"I have no terms to make, Hunston," said Jack. "I have found that while you are alive and out of jail this world is not a safe place to live in."

"Now, don't be unreasonable," replied Hunston. "You know that if you who handled me this last time, I was quietly going about my business."

"The business of robbing another Jersey bank," added Jack.

"Oh, you've found me out, have you?" grinned Hunston. "Very smart boy you are, Jack. If I could only get you to join me, we'd make a great team, you and I."

In the Storm.

"But you can't," said Jack. "And there is no use talking about it. We'll go to land now and see what the police see fit to do with you."

"Very well," agreed Hunston, with a readiness that surprised the boy.

The machine was pointing toward New York. Jack turned the wheel and she slowly circled about till her head pointed toward the Jersey shore.

"And now," said Hunston, "perhaps you see that it will be better for you to let me go free."

A quick glance to the westward told Jack that there was a deep meaning in what Hunston said.

Directly ahead of him was a great black thunder cloud, streaked and laced with blazing lightning.

There is wind in that cloud," said Hunston's significantly. "The airship that could sail through a wind like that was never built. Now will you let me take the helm, or will you bungle along till we meet the storm and go to smash because of your foolhardiness?"

As he spoke the first misty gust of the storm struck Jack in the face.

He spent an instant in thought and then stooped down and unbound his companion.

Hunston sprang to the tiller, adjusted the levers, and soon the airship had wheeled about and was sweeping before the storm.

"I guess we'll go together, son," said the old man, after a few minutes at the wheel. "This is too much of a fight for old man Hunston."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO THE BOY READERS OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN:

DON'T be careless. That means you. Just because you may not have expensive clothes and a fine home it isn't necessary to be careless. The boy who is poor can be just as clean as the boy whose parents are rich. Water is everywhere and soap is easy to get. Use them just as regularly as you eat your meals. Clean finger-nails, clean faces, clean face and well-combed hair have started many a poor boy on the road to success. Business men don't want dirty boys around their offices or their factories, because they know that the boy who is careless about himself will be careless about other things. So don't be careless.

JACK HARKAWAY, JR.

LABOR NEWS

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES LABOR COUNCIL UNION LABEL BOSTON, MASS. 96

President Kirby of the International Structural Building Trades Alliance has arrived here from Indianapolis to confer with officials of the Building Trades Council and the newly-formed Building Trades Alliance, both of which organizations have engaged the services of Treasurer Kirby.

The Building Trades Council officials claim that they are entitled to precedence as their application for a charter was made first. On the other hand, President K. H. Hartwell of the Building Trades Alliance asserts that, as an organization affiliated with the International Structural Building Trades Alliance must have at least three trades engaged in structural work under its jurisdiction, the Building Trades Council is ineligible because it has but one so-called structural trade—the painters.

The Building Trades Alliance, President Hartwell declares, has four structural trades—the carpenters, bridge and structural iron workers, hoisting and portable engineers and elevator constructors. No charter will be granted either organization until this matter is settled. President Kirby is attending elevator constructors' convention in Rathbone Hall, and the machinists' convention in Faneuil Hall.

On Sunday he will confer with representatives of the Building Trades Council and Building Trades Alliance, and on Monday goes to Philadelphia, and thence to Louisville to attend the convention of the electrical workers.

TEAMSTERS' NEW LOCATION.

Owing to the shifting of traffic, the headquarters and offices of the teamsters' union have been removed to the corner of Beverly and Causeway streets, near the North station, October 1.

Since the removal of the car tracks on Beverly street, the location of the Boston Elevated railroad freight sheds, and the running of electric cars over the new Charlestown bridge, instead of the Warren bridge, team traffic has changed to Beverly street and Warren bridge.

LABOR NOTES.

International President Bliss of the Teamsters' Union is expected to be present at to-morrow night's meeting of Team Drivers' Local Union No. 191 at No. 987 Washington street.

Business Agent Dolan of the Bakers' Union of Harbor Union No. 8. The other officers are: Vice President Edward Riley; financial secretary, Edward Riley; treasurer, Jacob Peters.

Business Agent Dolan of the meeting to-morrow at Phenix Hall, No. 724 Washington street.

Hebrew Painters' Assembly No. 1,819, K. of L., will hold a meeting at 8 P. M. to-day at Hebrew to morrow afternoon at No. 80 Leverett street.

SUNDAY'S MEETINGS.

Central Labor Union—No. 987 Washington street.

Team Drivers' Union No. 25—Brodhine Hall, Washington street.

Artificial Stone and Asphalt Workers—Home Club, 1,234 Washington street.

Blacksmiths' Union No. 209—No. 45 Elliot street.

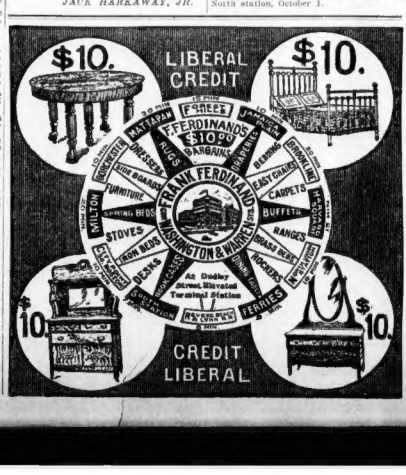
Brewery Workers' Union No. 14—Workingmen's Club, 1,234 Washington street, Roxbury.

Bookbinders's Union—Union Hall, corner Decatur and Chelsea streets, East Boston.

Painters' District Council—No. 387 Washington street.

Steel and Tipcart Drivers' Union—No. 987 Washington street.

Hay and Grain Teamsters' Union—Brodhine Hall, Dover and Albany streets.



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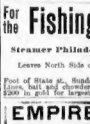

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF **HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN** SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

People Don't Like to Think

But Automatic Machines Will FORCE Them to Think, In Spite of Themselves

A small "news story" of the day tells you that the telephone company in Allentown, Pennsylvania, **HAS ARRANGED TO GET RID OF ALL THE TELEPHONE GIRLS.**

An automatic device renders it possible to do away with the switch-board and the great number of young women that have made a living as telephone operators must go.

The history of machinery is a history of devices for making human beings unnecessary.

What ten thousand women did with their needles, one machine does to-day, and a child can attend to the machine.

Automatic switches are driving switchmen off the railroads.

In every direction, the genius of humanity is devising means of rendering more difficult for humanity the problem of earning a living.

This announcement that the telephone girls are to vanish, thanks to a mechanical device, ought to make even the slowest minded individual think a little about the future of the country—**AND ESPECIALLY ABOUT PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.**

When the privately owned telephone company gets rid of all the young women workers, what does that mean?

IT MEANS THAT MANY GIRLS WILL LOSE THE POSSIBILITY OF MAKING A LIVING.

IT MEANS THAT THE INDIVIDUAL OWNERS OF THE PRIVATE TELEPHONE SYSTEM WILL ADD TO THEIR WEALTH WITHOUT EFFORT.

If the **PEOPLE** owned the telephone system, **EVERY INVENTION WOULD ADD TO THE WEALTH OF THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES.**

Money saved by the new mechanical device would go to the general fund. It would add directly to the prosperity of **ALL** the people—including the telephone girls obliged to change their occupation to some other line of work.

An increased revenue FOR THE PEOPLE would mean greater prosperity ALL AROUND, greater possibilities of giving employment to those that need it, and a diminished cost of living, in smaller taxes, cheaper rents and in many other ways.

But under the present system, an improvement in machinery doing away with human labor simply means an addition to the fortune of some individual who has too much already, and the throwing out of work of people who have nowhere to turn for other employment.

If the people's government owned the telephones, and discovered that they could dispense with thousands of working girls—they would of course adopt the automatic device. It is a crime to **EMPLOY LABOR USELESSLY.**

But the government of the people would take into consideration the rights and the needs of the girls.

They would not be thrown out of work suddenly—at least they would not be **DEPRIVED OF A LIVING** suddenly.

The people would be generous, they would act with heart. The money saved would not go into individual pockets, and the employes affected would be treated with a consideration that would enable them to provide for themselves, and see to it that they should especially be the beneficiaries of the improved condition.

As things are now, an improvement in machinery simply means an appeal to the selfishness of a private individual.

He is competing with others, he is in the race for money, and in the new mechanical device he sees simply a chance to put people out of work and to put their wages in his pocket.

The only protection for the people under these conditions is public ownership of public necessities, of public monopolies, and such wise national supervision and regulation of industries **AS SHALL MAKE THE MACHINES OF THE WORLD THE SERVANTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE—DOING AWAY WITH THE PRESENT SYSTEM WHICH MAKES THE PEOPLE THE SLAVES OF MACHINES AND OF A FEW OWNERS AND BENEFICIARIES.**

We call the attention of one special class of workers—the telegraph operators—to this happening in the telephone business.

There is **SOME** organization among telegraph operators.

There are many intelligent men and women among the thousands employed by telegraph companies throughout the country.

We say to these men and women—**THINK EARNESTLY ABOUT PUBLIC OWNERSHIP. WORK HARD TO DIFFUSE AMONG THE PEOPLE TRUE IDEAS ON OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC NECESSITIES. FOR YOUR TURN IS COMING NEXT.**

It is only a question of time when telegraph messages will be sent truly "with the speed of the lightning."

Inside of a few years or months machines which are now being perfected will make it possible for one automatic device to send and for another to "receive" five thousand words in a minute. And all the men who have devoted their lives to acquiring skill in telegraphing will be as much out of date as was the stage coach when the railroad came along.

Machinery will gradually crowd out men. And the selfish private individuals, beneficiaries of the change, will do nothing to provide for those that find themselves without work.

Civilization cannot go backward, progress cannot be stopped.

Every good idea of human beings must be utilized. If **MACHINERY** can do a thing a man is doing **MACHINERY MUST DO IT.**

A recent invention jeopardizes the work of the bricklayer. Each day something comes up to make a man feel insecure.

The only remedy is thoughtful effort by all of the people to control their own welfare.

They must organize industry intelligently. They must see to it that the government—which means **THEMSELVES**—shall have something to say about the possibilities of earning a livelihood.

The first step is government ownership of national necessities, and of natural monopolies.

TAKE BACK THE CAKE!

I DIDN'T THINK I'D BE FOUND OUT
McCALL
MILLIONS IN MORGAN'S BANK
$500,000 SUPPLIED TO REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN FUND BY POLICY HOLDERS AS CONTRIBUTED ASSETS
FRANK A. VANDERLIP RESIGNED
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
PUBLICITY BUREAU
PAID POLICY HOLDERS' DIVIDENDS
PUBLICITY BUREAU
PAID POLICY HOLDERS' DIVIDENDS
FOR THE WORST OF US.
TAKE IT BACK!—YOU'RE THE LIMIT!
YES, HE'S THE LIMIT!
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
PARK BENJAMIN
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
TESTIMONY OF TREASURER RANDOLPH OF THE NEW YORK LIFE
F. Opper

The Mutual Life Got the Cake in Mr. Opper's Tuesday's Cartoon---But Treasurer Randolph, of the New York Life, Had Not Then Testified

RHYMO THE MONK

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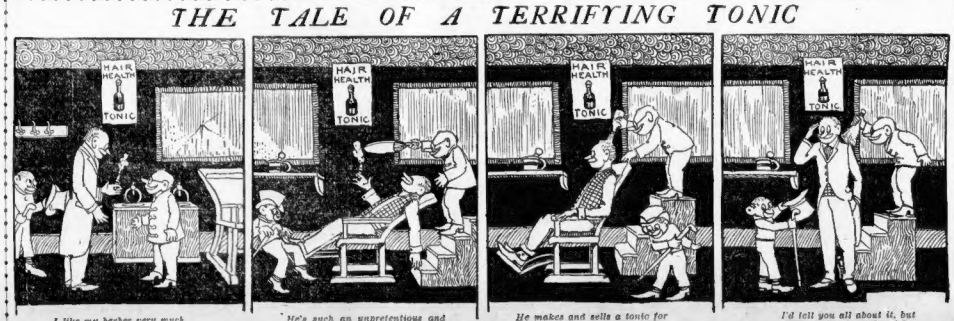
I GOT UP TO THE GREEN WITH MY CLEEK 'TWAS A CASE OF WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.
BUT ALAS, WHEN I SHOULD WITH MY BRASSEY TO CARRY THE BUNKER, I FELL WAY INSIDE!
I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW YOU!
I LAID MY MASHIE SHOT WITHIN THREE FEET, AND THEN I THOUGHT I HAD THE CHAMPION BEAT!
FORE!
BUT —!—!—

His Story of the Game Was Interrupted by an Unexpected Drive Which Landed on His Eye

THE TALE OF A TERRIFYING TONIC



I like my barber very much, And hold him in great favor.

He's such an unpretentious and Obliging little shaver.

He makes and sells a tonic for The hair that's most amazing.

I'd tell you all about it, but It's really too hair-raising.

Nurses Need Watching by The Mother

By Caroline

THERE is no doubt that many mothers leave their children too much to nurses. They think because a nurse is paid large wages she is necessarily careful of the child left in her care, but the contrary is apt to be the case.

It is not probable that the average nurse would actually inflict harm upon a child, but most accidents come from carelessness, and if a mother isn't enough interested in her own child to see that it falls into no harm, one can scarcely blame a nurse for being forgetful of her duty from time to time.

It may simply be that a nurse becomes absorbed in conversation with a friend and allows her charge to wander away, and he gets into many different kinds of mischief; or, it may be, that the child is taken to a house where there is sickness, the nurse not knowing that there is any harm, but the child catches a severe illness and dies.

A child is the greatest mimic in the world, and it is easy for one of medium intelligence to learn things which it would take his elders two or three times as long to learn, consequently the associates of a young child should be most carefully looked to. Mothers can't be too careful in this particular. The careless should take warning from the very trying experience of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Ashland of Monessen, Pa. They were the proud possessors of a very pretty three-year-old daughter, Marie. The father had been little of Marie, as he is a commercial traveler. Mrs. Ashland is an invalid, and the care of the child had been left to a nurse maid. One day the mother discovered that the baby was making queer noises, and she sent for a throat specialist.

The physician, who understood Finnish, announced that the nurse had taught that language to Marie and that the child could not speak a word of English. The nurse lost her job and Mrs. Ashland has been busy ever since trying to reform Marie's speech.

John D.'s New Hair

By James J. Montague

IN vain the little foolish flies their wileful plants have laid
To gain the gleaming orb whereon they used to promenade;
No longer doth the gaslight glow upon the hills and humps,
Where playful sunbeams yester year were wont to bump the bumps;
Upon an unregarded peg in dust and dumb despair
His skull cap hangs, for John D.'s got a brand new set of hair.

No "Thatch-Your-Attic-While-You-Wait" bestirred the dormant roots,
And sprinkled John's bleak, arid lid, with fuzzy little shoots;
No tickled pneumo-hirsute nerves were roused by Hairolene
To vegetate with bloomy sprouts the desolated scene;
On many another head it grew, until with tender care
The barber garnered it to build John D. a set of hair.

Ah, proudly now may old John D. stroll o'er the green-clad lluks,
Serene to know that he has got a blanket on his thinks.
In church his brethren all will gaze upon the glorious sight,
And whisper back of hymn books, "Gee! he grew it over night!"
With nature, flies and public fooled, John D. may now prepare
To get himself a brand new past to match his brand new hair.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Dinkelspiel Chats With Celebrities

By George V. Hobart

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M. SERGIUS WITTE

"GUTEN morgen, Sergius!"

"Wie gehts, Dinky?"

"I dit not call on you at Portsmouth, Serg—I supposition you noticed der omission?"

"I eggspectationed you down dare, Dinky! Vy vas your absence present so completely?"

"Because, Serg, because somebody might visper dot I vas helping you to put salt on der tail fedders of der duff of peace und I vished you to get all der credit."

"How dit you like der vay I played my hand, Dinky?"

"Vell, Serg, for a man dot was afflicted mit a bob-tailed flish, mostly spades, I must say dot you played it just like it vas a Czar loaded mit vodka."

"Vot dit you mean, Dinky, by a Czar loaded mit vodka?"

"I mean you played it like a king full—dot vas a choke, Serg, deep und impenetrateable, it vas true, but a choke neferderleast."

"Ha, ha! simost could I commit laughter, Dinky."

"How easy it is, Serg, to eggsplode a smile ven der choke is on der udder fellow, yes?"

"A Czar loaded mit vodka, vich means a king full—ha, haovitch! I vill speak it to Nicholas ven I get home, Dinky."

"After vot you dit mit dot bob-tail flish in Portsmouth, Nicholas ought to laugh at any choke you might mention, found you dink so, Serg?"

"Doand flattery me, Dinky."

"I see it in der papers, Serg, vare der Chapanese peoples haf rolled up der kimonos und mit a rock in each hand dey vas aboudt to knock der honorable daylights ouid of der august gufternment because der insignificant war is contemptibly ofer—dit you read it?"

"I haf been so busy trying to get $15,000 vorth of sleep ouid of a $20,000 bed at der St. Regis dot I doand haf time to read der papers, Dinky."

"Vat vas your impressions of America, Serg?"

"It vas a fine country, Dinky, und der best place to save money dot I efer struck. You haf no idea how much money Russia saved in dis country during der past four veeks."

"If you haf agreed to git Chapan indemnity, vot vould haf happened to you ven you vent home, Serg?"

"I doand know, Dinky."

"You doand know, Serg?"

"No, Dinky, because vot vould happen to me vould happen so fatally dot I vould need a coroner und not a stenographer, n'cest pas!"

"Den, Serg, you yust hat to play dot bob-tailed flish to der limit?"

"I haf to play it yust like it vas a Czar pickled mit vodka, vich is American for a king full—ha, haski! I vill get such a laugh from Nicholas mit dot choke, Dinky; such a laugh."

"I vish, Serg, dot I could git Baron Komura a chance vich vould get a laugh from der Mikado, but he vill be a cold audience, doand you dink?"

"Being a dippleomat, I must not discussion der laughabilties of udder nations. I must go now, Dinky, und save up my appetite, because I am invited, to a bankvet to-night. If Chauncey Depew sin'd dare to pinch it from me, maybe I vill recite your choke, vich says dot a Czar soused mit vodka is der same as a king full—ha, haovitch! Good-by, Dinky."

"Auf wiedersehn, Serg, und good luck to you!" D. DINKELSPIEL.

(George V. Hobart.)